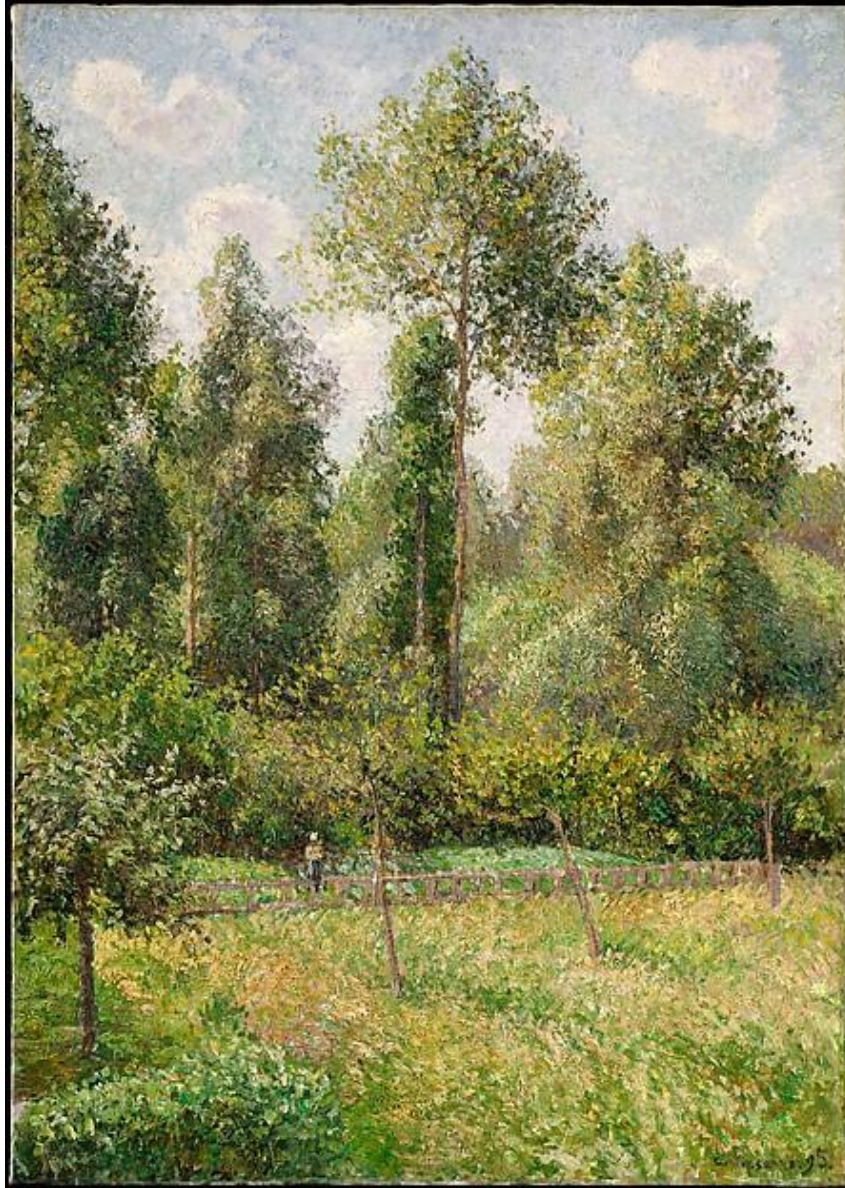


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THE SECONDARY PAINTERS OF IMPRESSIONISM

The Project Gutenberg eBook, **The French Impressionists (1860-1900)**,

By Camille Mauclair, Translated by P. G. Konady

Manet, Degas, Monet and Renoir will present themselves as a glorious quartet of masters, in the history of painting. We must now speak of some personalities who have grown up by their side and who, without being great, offer nevertheless a rich and beautiful series of works.

Of these personalities the most considerable is certainly that of M. Camille Pissarro. He painted according to some wise and somewhat timid formulas, when Manet's example won him over to Impressionism to which he has remained faithful. M. Pissarro has been enormously productive. His work is composed of landscapes, rustic scenes, and studies of streets and markets. His first landscapes are in the manner of Corot, but bathed in blond colour: vast cornfields, sunny woods, skies with big, flocking clouds, effects of soft light--these are the motifs of some charming canvases which have a solid, classic quality. Later the artist adopted the method of the dissociation of tones, from which he obtained some happy effects. His harvest and market scenes are luminous and alive. The figures in these recall those of Millet. They bear witness to high qualities of sincere observation, and are the work of a man profoundly enamoured of rustic life. M. Pissarro excels in grouping the figures, in correctly catching their attitudes and in rendering the medley of a crowd in the sun. Certain fans in particular will always remain delightful caprices of fresh colour, but it would be vain to look in this attractive, animated and clear painting for the psychologic gifts, the profound feeling for grand silhouettes, and the intuition of the worn and gloomy soul of the men of the soil, which have made Millet's noble glory. At the time when, about 1885, the neo-Impressionists whom we shall study later on invented the Pointillist method, M. Pissarro tried it and applied it judiciously, with the patient, serious and slightly anxious talent, by which he is distinguished. Recently, in a series of pictures representing views of Paris (the boulevards and the Avenue de l'Opéra) M. Pissarro has shewn rare vision and skill and has perhaps signed his most beautiful and personal paintings. The perspective, the lighting, the tones of the houses and of the crowds,

the reflections of rain or sunshine are intensely true; they make one feel the atmosphere, the charm and the soul of Paris. One can say of Pissarro that he lacks none of the gifts of his profession. He is a learned, fruitful and upright artist. But he has lacked originality; he always recalls those whom he admires and whose ideas he applies boldly and tastefully. It is probable that his conscientious nature has contributed not little towards keeping him in the second rank. Incapable, certainly, of voluntarily imitating, this excellent and diligent painter has not had the sparks of genius of his friends, but all that can be given to a man through conscientious study, striving after truth and love of art, has been acquired by M. Pissarro. The rest depended on destiny only. There is no character more worthy of respect and no effort more meritorious than his, and there can be no better proof of his disinterestedness and his modesty, than the fact that, although he has thirty years of work behind him, an honoured name and white hair, M. Pissarro did not hesitate to adopt, quite frankly, the technique of the young Pointillist painters, his juniors, because it appeared to him better than his own. He is, if not a great painter, at least one of the most interesting rustic landscape painters of our epoch. His visions of the country are quite his own, and are a harmonious mixture of Classicism and Impressionism which will secure one of the most honourable places to his work.

There has, perhaps, been more original individuality in the landscape painter Alfred Sisley. He possessed in the highest degree the feeling for light, and if he did not have the power, the masterly passion of Claude Monet, he will at least deserve to be frequently placed by his side as regards the expression of certain combinations of light. He did not have the decorative feeling which makes Monet's landscapes so imposing; one does not see in his work that surprising lyrical interpretation which knows how to express the drama of the raging waves, the heavy slumber of enormous masses of rock, the intense torpor of the sun on the sea. But in all that concerns the mild aspects of the _Ile de France_, the sweet and fresh landscapes, Sisley is not unworthy of being compared with Monet. He equals him in numerous pictures; he has a similar delicacy of perception, a similar fervour of execution. He is the painter of great, blue rivers curving towards the horizon; of

blossoming orchards; of bright hills with red-roofed hamlets scattered about; he is, beyond all, the painter of French skies which he presents with admirable vivacity and facility. He has the feeling for the transparency of atmosphere, and if his technique allies him directly with Impressionism, one can well feel, that he painted spontaneously and that this technique happened to be adapted to his nature, without his having attempted to appropriate it for the sake of novelty. Sisley has painted a notable series of pictures in the quaint village of Moret on the outskirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau, where he died at a ripe age, and these canvases will figure among the most charming landscapes of our epoch. Sisley was a veteran of Impressionism. At the Exhibition of 1900, in the two rooms reserved for the works of this school, there were to be seen a dozen of Sisley's canvases. By the side of the finest Renoirs, Monets and Manets they kept their charm and their brilliancy with a singular flavour, and this was for many critics a revelation as to the real place of this artist, whom they had hitherto considered as a pretty colourist of only relative importance.

Paul Cézanne, unknown to the public, is appreciated by a small group of art lovers. He is an artist who lives in Provence, away from the world; he is supposed to have served as model for the Impressionist painter Claude Lantier, described by Zola in his celebrated novel "L'Oeuvre." Cézanne has painted landscapes, rustic scenes and still-life pictures. His figures are clumsy and brutal and inharmonious in colour, but his landscapes have the merit of a robust simplicity of vision. These pictures are almost primitive, and they are loved by the young Impressionists because of their exclusion of all "cleverness." A charm of rude simplicity and sincerity can be found in these works in which Cézanne employs only just the means which are indispensable for his end. His still-life pictures are particularly interesting owing to the spotless brilliancy of their colours, the straightforwardness of the tones, and the originality of certain shades analogous to those of old faience. Cézanne is a conscientious painter without skill, intensely absorbed in rendering what he sees, and his strong and tenacious attention has sometimes succeeded in finding beauty. He reminds more of an ancient Gothic craftsman, than of a modern artist, and he is full of repose as a contrast to the dazzling virtuosity of so many painters.

Berthe Morisot will remain the most fascinating figure of Impressionism,--the one who has stated most precisely the femineity of this luminous and iridescent art. Having married Eugène Manet, the brother of the great painter, she exhibited at various private galleries, where the works of the first Impressionists were to be seen, and became as famous for her talent as for her beauty. When Manet died, she took charge of his memory and of his work, and she helped with all her energetic intelligence to procure them their just and final estimation. Mme. Eugène Manet has certainly been one of the most beautiful types of French women of the end of the nineteenth century. When she died prematurely at the age of fifty (in 1895), she left a considerable amount of work: gardens, young girls, water-colours of refined taste, of surprising energy, and of a colouring as distinguished, as it is unexpected. As great grand-daughter of Fragonard, Berthe Morisot (since we ought to leave her the name with which her respect for Manet's great name made her always sign her works) seemed to have inherited from her famous ancestor his French gracefulness, his spirited elegance, and all his other great qualities. She has also felt the influence of Corot, of Manet and of Renoir. All her work is bathed in brightness, in azure, in sunlight; it is a woman's work, but it has a strength, a freedom of touch and an originality, which one would hardly have expected. Her water-colours, particularly, belong to a superior art: some notes of colour suffice to indicate sky, sea, or a forest background, and everything shows a sure and masterly fancy, for which our time can offer no analogy. A series of Berthe Morisot's works looks like a veritable bouquet whose brilliancy is due less to the colour-schemes which are comparatively soft, grey and blue, than to the absolute correctness of the values. A hundred canvases, and perhaps three hundred water-colours attest this talent of the first rank. Normandy coast scenes with pearly skies and turquoise horizons, sparkling Nice gardens, fruit-laden orchards, girls in white dresses with big flower-decked hats, young women in ball-dress, and flowers are the favourite themes of this artist who was the friend of Renoir, of Degas and of Mallarmé.

Miss Mary Cassatt will deserve a place by her side. American by birth, she became French through her assiduous participation in the exhibitions

of the Impressionists. She is one of the very few painters whom Degas has advised, with Forain and M. Ernest Rouart. (This latter, a painter himself, a son of the painter and wealthy collector Henri Rouart, has married Mme. Manet's daughter who is also an artist.) Miss Cassatt has made a speciality of studying children, and she is, perhaps, the artist of this period who has understood and expressed them with the greatest originality. She is a pastellist of note, and some of her pastels are as good as Manet's and Degas's, so far as broad execution and brilliancy and delicacy of tones are concerned. Ten years ago Miss Cassatt exhibited a series of ten etchings in colour, representing scenes of mothers and children at their toilet. At that time this _genre_ was almost abandoned, and Miss Cassatt caused astonishment by her boldness which faced the most serious difficulties. One can relish in this artist's pictures, besides the great qualities of solid draughtsmanship, correct values, and skilful interpretation of flesh and stuffs, a profound sentiment of infantile life, childish gestures, clear and unconscious looks, and the loving expression of the mothers. Miss Cassatt is the painter and psychologist of babies and young mothers whom she likes to depict in the freshness of an orchard, or against backgrounds of the flowered hangings of dressing-rooms, amidst bright linen, tubs, and china, in smiling intimacy. To these two remarkable women another has to be added, Eva Gonzalès, the favourite pupil of Manet who has painted a fine portrait of her. Eva Gonzalès became the wife of the excellent engraver Henri Guérard, and died prematurely, not, however, before one was able to admire her talent as an exquisitely delicate pastellist. Having first been a pupil of Chaplin, she soon came to forget the tricks of technique in order to acquire under Manet's guidance the qualities of clearness and the strength of the great painter of _Argenteuil_ ; and she would certainly have taken one of the first places in modern art, had not her career been cut short by death. A small pastel at the Luxembourg Gallery proves her convincing qualities as a colourist.

Gustave Caillebotte was a friend of the Impressionists from the very first hour. He was rich, fond of art, and himself a painter of great merit who modestly kept hidden behind his comrades. His picture _Les raboteurs de parquets_ made him formerly the butt of derision. To-day

his work, at the Luxembourg Gallery seems hardly a fit pretext for so much controversy, but at that time much was considered as madness, that to our eyes appears quite natural. This picture is a study of oblique perspective and its curious _ensemble_ of rising lines sufficed to provoke astonishment. The work is, moreover, grey and discreet in colour and has some qualities of fine light, but is on the whole not very interesting. Recently an exhibition of works by Caillebotte has made it apparent that this amateur was a misjudged painter. The still-life pictures in this exhibition were specially remarkable. But the name of Caillebotte was destined to reach the public only in connection with controversies and scandal. When he died, he left to the State a magnificent collection of objets-d'art and of old pictures, and also a collection of Impressionist works, stipulating that these two bequests should be inseparable. He wished by this means to impose the works of his friends upon the museums, and thus avenge their unjust neglect. The State accepted the two legacies, since the Louvre absolutely wanted to benefit by the ancient portion, in spite of the efforts of the Academicians who revolted against the acceptance of the modern part. On this occasion one could see how far the official artists were carried by their hatred of the Impressionists. A group of Academicians, professors at the _Ecole des Beaux-Arts_, threatened the minister that they would resign _en masse_. "We cannot," they wrote to the papers, "continue to teach an art of which we believe we know the laws, from the moment the State admits into the museums, where our pupils can see them, works which are the very negation of all we teach." A heated discussion followed in the press, and the minister boldly declared that Impressionism, good or bad, had attracted the attention of the public, and that it was the duty of the State to receive impartially the work of all the art movements; the public would know how to judge and choose; the Government's duty was not to influence them by showing them only one style of painting, but to remain in historic neutrality. Thanks to this clever reply, the Academicians, among whom M. Gérôme was the most rabid, resigned themselves to keeping their posts. A similar incident, less publicly violent, but equally strange, occurred on the occasion of the admission to the Luxembourg Gallery of the portrait of M. Whistler's mother, a masterpiece of which the gallery is proud to-day, and for which a group of writers and art lovers had succeeded in

opening the way. It is difficult to imagine the degree of irritation and obstruction of the official painters against all the ideas of the new painting, and if it had only depended upon them, there can be no doubt that Manet and his friends would have died in total obscurity, not only banished from the Salons and museums, but also treated as madmen and robbed of the possibility of living by their work.

The Caillebotte collection was installed under conditions which the ill-will of the administrators made at least as deplorable as possible. The works were crowded into a small, badly lighted room, where it is absolutely impossible to see them from the distance required by the method of the division of tones, and the meanness of the opposition was such that, the pictures having been bequeathed without frames, the keeper was obliged to have recourse to the reserves of the Louvre, because he was refused the necessary credit for purchasing them. The collection is however beautiful and interesting. It does not represent Impressionism in all its brilliancy, since the works by which it is composed had been bought by Caillebotte at a time, when his friends were still far from having arrived at the full blossoming of their qualities. But some very fine things can at least be found there. Renoir is marvellously represented by the *„Moulin de la Galette“*, which is one of his masterpieces. Degas figures with seven beautiful pastels, Monet with some landscapes grand in style; Sisley and Pissarro appear scarcely to their advantage, and finally it is to be regretted, that Manet is only represented by a study in black in his first manner, the *„Balcony“*, which does not count among his best pictures, and the famous *„Olympia“* whose importance is more historical than intrinsic. The gallery has separately acquired a *„Young Girl in Ball Dress“* by Berthe Morisot, which is a delicate marvel of grace and freshness. And in the place of honour of the gallery is to be seen Fantin-Latour's great picture *„Hommage à Manet“*, in which the painter, seated before his easel, is surrounded by his friends; and this canvas may well be considered the emblem of the slow triumph of Impressionism, and of the amends for a great injustice.

It is in this picture that the young painter Bazille is represented, a friend and pupil of Manet's, who was killed during the war of 1870, and

who should not be forgotten here. He has left a few canvases marked by great talent, and would no doubt have counted among the most original contemporary artists. We shall terminate this all too short enumeration with two remarkable landscapists; the one is Albert Lebourg who paints in suave and poetic colour schemes, with blues and greens of particular tenderness, a painter who will take his place in the history of Impressionism. The other is Eugène Boudin. He has not adopted Claude Monet's technique; but I have already said that the vague and inexact term "Impressionism" must be understood to comprise a group of painters showing originality in the study of light and getting away from the academic spirit. As to this, Eugène Boudin deserves to be placed in the first rank. His canvases will be the pride of the best arranged galleries. He is an admirable seascape painter. He has known how to render with unfailing mastery, the grey waters of the Channel, the stormy skies, the heavy clouds, the effects of sunlight feebly piercing the prevailing grey. His numerous pictures painted at the port of Havre are profoundly expressive. Nobody has excelled him in drawing sailing-boats, in giving the exact feeling of the keels plunged into the water, in grouping the masts, in rendering the activity of a port, in indicating the value of a sail against the sky, the fluidity of calm water, the melancholy of the distance, the shiver of short waves rippled by the breeze. Boudin is a learned colourist of grey tones. His Impressionism consists in the exclusion of useless details, his comprehension of reflections, his feeling for values, the boldness of his composition and his faculty of directly perceiving nature and the transparency of atmosphere: he reminds sometimes of Constable and of Corot. Boudin's production has been enormous, and nothing that he has done is indifferent. He is one of those artists who have not a brilliant career, but who will last, and whose name, faithfully retained by the elect, is sure of immortality. He may be considered an isolated artist, on the border line between Classicism and Impressionism, and this is unquestionably the cause of the comparative obscurity of his fame. The same might be said of the ingenuous and fine landscapist Hervier, who has left such interesting canvases; and of the Lyons water-colour painter Ravier who, almost absolutely unknown, came very close to Monticelli and showed admirable gifts. It must, however, be recognised that Boudin is nearer to Impressionism than to any other

grouping of artists, and he must be considered as a small master of pure French lineage. Finally, if a question of nationality prevents me from enlarging upon the subject of the rank of precursor which must be accorded to the great Dutch landscapist Jongkind, I must at least mention his name. His water-colour sketches have been veritable revelations for several Impressionists. Eugène Boudin and Berthe Morisot have derived special benefit from them, and they are valuable lessons for many young painters of the present day.

We do not pretend to have mentioned in this chapter all the painters directly connected with the first Impressionist movement. We have confined ourselves to enumerating the most important only, and each of them would deserve a complete essay. But our object will have been achieved, if we have inspired art-lovers with just esteem for this brave phalanx of artists who have proved better than any aesthetic commentaries the vitality, the originality, and the logic of Manet's theories, the great importance of the notions introduced by him into painting, and who have, on the other hand, clearly demonstrated the uselessness of official teaching. Far from the traditions and methods of the School, the best of their knowledge and of their talent is due to their profound and sincere contemplation of nature and to their freedom of spirit. And for that reason they will have a permanent place in the evolution of their art.

JOHN LAMBERT

(1619-1694)

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Lambert, English general in the Great Rebellion, was born at Calton Hall, Kirkby Malham, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. His family was of ancient lineage, and long settled in the county. He studied law, but did not make it his profession. In 1639 he married Frances, daughter of Sir William Lister. At the opening of the Civil War

he took up arms for the parliament, and in September 1642 was appointed a captain of horse in the army commanded by Ferdinando, Lord Fairfax. A year later he had become colonel of a regiment of horse, and he distinguished himself at the siege of Hull in October, 1643. Early in 1644 he did good service at the battles of Nantwich and Bradford. At Marston Moor Lambert's own regiment was routed by the charge of Goring's horse; but he cut his way through with a few troops and joined Cromwell on the other side of the field. When the New Model army was formed in the beginning of 1645, Colonel Lambert was appointed to succeed Fairfax in command of the northern forces. General Poyntz, however, soon replaced him, and under this officer he served in the Yorkshire campaign of 1645, receiving a wound before Pontefract. In 1646 he was given a regiment in the New Model, serving with Fairfax in the west of England, and he was a commissioner, with Cromwell and others, for the surrender of Oxford in the same year. "It is evident," says C. H. Firth (Dict. Nat. Biog.), "that he was from the first regarded as an officer of exceptional capacity and specially selected for semi-political employments."

When the quarrel between the army and the parliament began, Lambert threw himself warmly into the army's cause. He assisted Ireton in drawing up the several addresses and remonstrances issued by the army, both men having had some experience in the law, and being "of a subtle and working brain." Early in August 1647 Lambert was sent by Fairfax as major-general to take charge of the forces in the northern counties. His wise and just managing of affairs in those parts is commended by Whitelocke. He suppressed a mutiny among his troops, kept strict discipline and hunted down the moss-troopers who infested the moorland country.

When the Scottish army under the marquis of Hamilton invaded England in the summer of 1648, Lambert was engaged in suppressing the Royalist rising in his district. The arrival of the Scots obliged him to retreat; but Lambert displayed the greatest energy and did not cease to harass the invaders till Cromwell came up from Wales and with him destroyed the Scottish army in the three days' fighting from Preston to Warrington. After the battle Lambert's cavalry headed the chase, pursuing the

defeated army _à outrance_, and finally surrounded it at Uttoxeter, where Hamilton surrendered to Lambert on the 25th of August. He then led the advance of Cromwell's army into Scotland, where he was left in charge on Cromwell's return. From December 1648 to March 1649 he was engaged in the siege of Pontefract Castle; Lambert was thus absent from London at the time of Pride's Purge and the trial and execution of the king.

When Cromwell was appointed to the command of the war in Scotland (July 1650), Lambert went with him as major-general and second in command. He was wounded at Musselburgh, but returned to the front in time to take a conspicuous share in the victory of Dunbar. He himself defeated the "Protesters" or "Western Whigs" at Hamilton, on the 1st of December 1650. In July 1651 he was sent into Fife to get in the rear and flank of the Scottish army near Falkirk, and force them to decisive action by cutting off their supplies. This mission, in the course of which Lambert won an important victory at Inverkeithing, was executed with entire success, whereupon Charles II., as Lambert had foreseen, made for England. For the events of the Worcester campaign, which quickly followed, see GREAT REBELLION. Lambert's part in the general plan was carried out most brilliantly, and in the crowning victory of Worcester he commanded the right wing of the English army, and had his horse shot under him. Parliament now conferred on him a grant of lands in Scotland worth £1000 per annum.

In October 1651 Lambert was made a commissioner to settle the affairs of Scotland, and on the death of Ireton he was appointed lord deputy of Ireland (January 1652). He accepted the office with pleasure, and made magnificent preparations; parliament, however, soon afterwards reconstituted the Irish administration and Lambert refused to accept office on the new terms. Henceforward he began to oppose the Rump. In the council of officers he headed the party desiring representative government, as opposed to Harrison who favoured a selected oligarchy of "God-fearing" men, but both hated what remained of the Long parliament, and joined in urging Cromwell to dissolve it by force. At the same time Lambert was consulted by the parliamentary leaders as to the possibility of dismissing Cromwell from his command, and on the 15th of March 1653

Cromwell refused to see him, speaking of him contemptuously as "bottomless Lambert." On the 20th of April, however, Lambert accompanied Cromwell when he dismissed the council of state, on the same day as the forcible expulsion of the parliament. Lambert now favoured the formation of a small executive council, to be followed by an elective parliament whose powers should be limited by a written instrument of government. Being at this time the ruling spirit in the council of state, and the idol of the army, there were some who looked on him as a possible rival of Cromwell for the chief executive power, while the royalists for a short time had hopes of his support. He was invited, with Cromwell, Harrison and Desborough, to sit in the nominated parliament of 1653; and when the unpopularity of that assembly increased, Cromwell drew nearer to Lambert. In November 1653 Lambert presided over a meeting of officers, when the question of constitutional settlement was discussed, and a proposal made for the forcible expulsion of the nominated parliament. On the 1st of December he urged Cromwell to assume the title of king, which the latter refused. On the 12th the parliament resigned its powers into Cromwell's hands, and on the 13th Lambert obtained the consent of the officers to the Instrument of Government (q.v.), in the framing of which he had taken a leading part. He was one of the seven officers nominated to seats in the council created by the Instrument. In the foreign policy of the protectorate he was the most clamorous of those who called for alliance with Spain and war with France in 1653, and he firmly withstood Cromwell's design for an expedition to the West Indies.

In the debates in parliament on the Instrument of Government in 1654 Lambert proposed that the office of protector should be made hereditary, but was defeated by a majority which included members of Cromwell's family. In the parliament of this year, and again in 1656, Lord Lambert, as he was now styled, sat as member for the West Riding. He was one of the major-generals appointed in August 1655 to command the militia in the ten districts into which it was proposed to divide England, and who were to be responsible for the maintenance of order and the administration of the law in their several districts. Lambert took a prominent part in the committee of council which drew up instructions to the major-generals, and he was probably the originator, and certainly

the organizer, of the system of police which these officers were to control. Gardiner conjectures that it was through divergence of opinion between the protector and Lambert in connexion with these "instructions" that the estrangement between the two men began. At all events, although Lambert had himself at an earlier date requested Cromwell to take the royal dignity, when the proposal to declare Oliver king was started in parliament (February 1657) he at once declared strongly against it. A hundred officers headed by Fleetwood and Lambert waited on the protector, and begged him to put a stop to the proceedings. Lambert was not convinced by Cromwell's arguments, and their complete estrangement, personal as well as political, followed. On his refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the protector, Lambert was deprived of his commissions, receiving, however, a pension of £2000 a year. He retired to his garden at Wimbledon, and appeared no more in public during Oliver Cromwell's lifetime; but shortly before his death Cromwell sought a reconciliation, and Lambert and his wife visited him at Whitehall.

When Richard Cromwell was proclaimed protector his chief difficulty lay with the army, over which he exercised no effective control. Lambert, though holding no military commission, was the most popular of the old Cromwellian generals with the rank and file of the army, and it was very generally believed that he would instal himself in Oliver's seat of power. Richard's adherents tried to conciliate him, and the royalist leaders made overtures to him, even proposing that Charles II. should marry Lambert's daughter. Lambert at first gave a lukewarm support to Richard Cromwell, and took no part in the intrigues of the officers at Fleetwood's residence, Wallingford House. He was a member of the parliament which met in January 1659, and when it was dissolved in April under compulsion of Fleetwood and Desborough, he was restored to his commands. He headed the deputation to Lenthall in May inviting the return of the Rump, which led to the tame retirement of Richard Cromwell into obscurity; and he was appointed a member of the committee of safety and of the council of state. When the parliament, desirous of controlling the power of the army, withheld from Fleetwood the right of nominating officers, Lambert was named one of a council of seven charged with this duty. The parliament's evident distrust of the soldiers caused much discontent in the army; while the entire absence of real authority

encouraged the royalists to make overt attempts to restore Charles II., the most serious of which, under Sir George Booth and the earl of Derby, was crushed by Lambert near Chester on the 19th of August. He promoted a petition from his army that Fleetwood might be made lord-general and himself major-general. The republican party in the House took offence. The Commons (October 12th, 1659) cashiered Lambert and other officers, and retained Fleetwood as chief of a military council under the authority of the speaker. On the next day Lambert caused the doors of the House to be shut and the members kept out. On the 26th a "committee of safety" was appointed, of which he was a member. He was also appointed major-general of all the forces in England and Scotland, Fleetwood being general. Lambert was now sent with a large force to meet Monk, who was in command of the English forces in Scotland, and either negotiate with him or force him to terms. Monk, however, set his army in motion southward. Lambert's army began to melt away, and he was kept in suspense by Monk till his whole army fell from him and he returned to London almost alone. Monk marched to London unopposed. The "excluded" Presbyterian members were recalled. Lambert was sent to the Tower (March 3rd, 1660), from which he escaped a month later. He tried to rekindle the civil war in favour of the Commonwealth, but was speedily recaptured and sent back to the Tower (April 24th). On the Restoration he was exempted from danger of life by an address of both Houses to the king, but the next parliament (1662) charged him with high treason. Thenceforward for the rest of his life Lambert remained in custody in Guernsey. He died in 1694.

Lambert would have left a better name in history if he had been a cavalier. His genial, ardent and excitable nature, easily raised and easily depressed, was more akin to the royalist than to the puritan spirit. Vain and sometimes overbearing, as well as ambitious, he believed that Cromwell could not stand without him; and when Cromwell was dead, he imagined himself entitled and fitted to succeed him. Yet his ambition was less selfish than that of Monk. Lambert is accused of no ill faith, no want of generosity, no cold and calculating policy. As a soldier he was far more than a fighting general and possessed many of the qualities of a great general. He was, moreover, an able writer and speaker, and an accomplished negotiator and took pleasure

in quiet and domestic pursuits. He learnt his love of gardening from Lord Fairfax, who was also his master in the art of war. He painted flowers, besides cultivating them, and incurred the blame of Mrs Hutchinson by "dressing his flowers in his garden and working at the needle with his wife and his maids." He made no special profession of religion; but no imputation is cast upon his moral character by his detractors. It has been said that he became a Roman Catholic before his death.

ENGLISH TRAITS

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

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In 1847 Emerson (see Vol. XIII, p. 339) made his second visit to England, this time on a lecturing tour. An outcome of the visit was "English Traits," which was first published in 1856. "I leave England," he wrote on his return home, "with an increased respect for the Englishman. His stuff or substance seems to be the best in the world." "English Traits" deals with a series of definite subjects which do not admit of much philosophic digression, and there is, therefore, an absence of the flashes of spiritual and poetic insight which gave Emerson his charm.

I.--*The Anchorage of Britain*

I did not go very willingly to England. I am not a good traveller, nor have I found that long journeys yield a fair share of reasonable hours. I find a sea-life an acquired taste, like that for tomatoes and olives. The sea is masculine, the type of active strength. Look what egg-shells are drifting all over it, each one filled with men in ecstasies of terror alternating with cockney conceit, as it is rough or smooth. But to the geologist the sea is the only firmament; it is the land that is

in perpetual flux and change. It has been said that the King of England would consult his dignity by giving audience to foreign ambassadors in the cabin of a man-of-war; and I think the white path of an Atlantic ship is the right avenue to the palace-front of this seafaring people.

England is a garden. Under an ash-coloured sky, the fields have been combed and rolled till they appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plough. Rivers, hills, valleys, the sea itself, feel the hand of a master. The problem of the traveller landing in Liverpool is, Why England is England? What are the elements of that power which the English hold over other nations? If there be one test of national genius universally accepted, it is success; and if there be one successful country in the universe that country is England.

The culture of the day, the thoughts and aims of men, are English thoughts and aims. A nation considerable for a thousand years has in the last centuries obtained the ascendant, and stamped the knowledge, activity, and power of mankind with its impress.

The territory has a singular perfection. Neither hot nor cold, there is no hour in the whole year when one cannot work. The only drawback to industrial conveniency is the darkness of the sky. The night and day are too nearly of a colour.

England resembles a ship in shape, and, if it were one, its best admiral could not have anchored it in a more judicious or effective position. The shop-keeping nation, to use a shop word, has a good stand. It is anchored at the side of Europe, and right in the heart of the modern world.

In variety of surface Britain is a miniature of Europe, as if Nature had given it an artificial completeness. It is as if Nature had held counsel with herself and said: "My Romans are gone. To build my new empire I will choose a rude race, all masculine, with brutish strength. Sharp and temperate northern breezes shall blow to keep them alive and alert. The sea shall disjoin the people from others and knit them by a fierce nationality. Long time will I keep them on their feet, by

poverty, border-wars, seafaring, sea-risks, and stimulus of gain." A singular coincidence to this geographic centrality is the spiritual centrality which Emanuel Swedenborg ascribes to the people: "The English nation are in the centre of all Christians, because they have an interior intellectual light. This light they derive from the liberty of speaking and writing, and thereby of thinking."

II.--*Racial Characteristics*

The British Empire is reckoned to contain a fifth of the population of the globe; but what makes the British census proper important is the quality of the units that compose it. They are free, forcible men in a country where life has reached the greatest value. They have sound bodies and supreme endurance in war and in labour. They have assimilating force, since they are imitated by their foreign subjects; and they are still aggressive and propagandist, enlarging the dominion of their arts and liberty.

The English composite character betrays a mixed origin. Everything English is a fusion of distant and antagonistic elements. The language is mixed; the currents of thought are counter; contemplation and practical skill; active intellect and dead conservatism; world-wide enterprise and devoted use and wont; a country of extremes--nothing in it can be praised without damning exceptions, and nothing denounced without salvos of cordial praise.

The sources from which tradition derives its stock are mainly three: First, the Celtic--a people of hidden and precarious genius; second, the Germans, a people about whom, in the old empire, the rumour ran there was never any that meddled with them that repented it not; and, third, the Norsemen and the children out of France. Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings. These founders of the House of Lords were greedy and ferocious dragoons, sons of greedy and ferocious pirates. Such, however, is the illusion of antiquity and wealth that decent and dignified men now existing actually boast their descent from these filthy thieves.

As soon as this land, thus geographically posted, got a hardy people into it, they could not help becoming the sailors and factors of the world. The English, at the present day, have great vigour of body. They are round, ruddy, and handsome, with a tendency to stout and powerful frames. It is the fault of their forms that they grow stocky, but in all ages they are a handsome race, and please by an expression blending good nature, valour, refinement, and an uncorrupt youth in the face of manhood.

The English are rather manly than warlike. They delight in the antagonism which combines in one person the extremes of courage and tenderness. Nelson, dying at Trafalgar, says, "Kiss me, Hardy," and turns to sleep. Even for their highwaymen this virtue is claimed, and Robin Hood is the gentlest thief. But they know where their war-dogs lie, and Cromwell, Blake, Marlborough, Nelson, and Wellington are not to be trifled with.

They have vigorous health and last well into middle and old age. They have more constitutional energy than any other people. They box, run, shoot, ride, row, and sail from Pole to Pole. They are the most voracious people of prey that have ever existed, and they have written the game-books of all countries.

These Saxons are the hands of mankind--the world's wealth-makers. They have that temperament which resists every means employed to make its possessor subservient to others. The English game is main force to main force, the planting of foot to foot, fair play and an open field--a rough tug without trick or dodging till one or both comes to pieces. They hate craft and subtlety; and when they have pounded each other to a poultice they will shake hands and be friends for the remainder of their lives.

Their realistic logic of coupling means to ends has given them the leadership of the modern world. Montesquieu said: "No people have true commonsense but those who are born in England." This commonsense is a perception of laws that cannot be stated, or that are learned only

by practice, with allowance for friction. The bias of the nation is a passion for utility. They are heavy at the fine arts, but adroit at the coarse. The Frenchman invented the ruffle, the Englishman added the shirt. They think him the best-dressed man whose dress is so fit for his use that you cannot notice or remember to describe it.

In war the Englishman looks to his means; but, conscious that no better race of men exists, they rely most on the simplest means. They fundamentally believe that the best stratagem in naval war is to bring your ship alongside of the enemy's ship, and bring all your guns to bear on him until you or he go to the bottom. This is the old fashion which never goes out of fashion.

Tacitus said of the Germans: "Powerful only in sudden efforts, they are impatient of toil and labour." This highly destined race, if it had not somewhere added the chamber of patience to its brain, would not have built London. I know not from which of the tribes and temperaments that went to the composition of the people this tenacity was supplied, but they clinch every nail they drive. "To show capacity," a Frenchman described as the end of speech in a debate. "No," said an Englishman, "but to advance the business."

The nation sits in the immense city they have builded--a London extended into every man's mind. The modern world is theirs. They have made and make it day by day. In every path of practical ability they have gone even with the best. There is no department of literature, of science, or of useful art in which they have not produced a first-rate book. It is England whose opinion is waited for. English trade exists to make well everything which is ill-made elsewhere. Steam is almost an Englishman.

One secret of the power of this people is their mutual good understanding. Not only good minds are born among them, but all the people have good minds. An electric touch by any of their national ideas melts them into one family. The chancellor carries England on his mace, the midshipman at the point of his dirk, the smith on his hammer, the cook in the bowl of his spoon, and the sailor times his

oars to "God save the King!"

I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. The one thing the English value is pluck. The word is not beautiful, but on the quality they signify by it the nation is unanimous. The cabmen have it, the merchants have it, the bishops have it, the women have it, the journals have it. They require you to dare to be of your own opinion, and they hate the practical cowards who cannot answer directly Yes or No.

Their vigour appears in the incuriosity and stony neglect each of the other. Each man walks, eats, drinks, shaves, dresses, gesticulates, and in every manner acts and suffers, without reference to the bystanders--he is really occupied with his own affairs, and does not think of them. In short, every one of these islanders is an island himself, safe, tranquil, incommunicable.

Born in a harsh and wet climate, which keeps him indoors whenever he is at rest, and, being of an affectionate and loyal temper, the Englishman dearly loves his home. If he is rich he builds a hall, and brings to it trophies of the adventures and exploits of the family, till it becomes a museum of heirlooms. England produces, under favourable conditions of ease and culture, the finest women in the world. Nothing can be more delicate without being fantastical, than the courtship and mutual carriage of the sexes. Domesticity is the taproot which enables the nation to branch wide and high. In an aristocratical country like England, not the trial by jury, but the dinner is the capital institution. It is the mode of doing honour to a stranger to ask him to eat.

The practical power of the English rests on their sincerity. Alfred, whom the affection of the nation makes the type of their race, is called by a writer at the Norman Conquest, the "truth-speaker." The phrase of the lowest of the people is "honour-bright," and their praise, "his word is as good as his bond." They confide in each other--English believes in English. Madame de Staël says that the English irritated Napoleon mainly because they have found out how to

unite success with honesty. The ruling passion of an Englishman is a terror of humbug.

The English race are reputed morose. They have enjoyed a reputation for taciturnity for six or seven hundred years. Cold, repressive manners prevail, and there is a wooden deadness in certain Englishmen which surpasses all other countrymen. In the power of saying rude truth no men rival them. They are proud and private, and even if disposed to recreation will avoid an open garden. They are full of coarse strength, butcher's meat, and sound sleep. They are good lovers, good haters, slow but obstinate admirers, and very much steeped in their temperament, like men hardly awaked from deep sleep which they enjoy.

The English have a mild aspect, and ringing, cheerful voice. Of absolute stoutness of spirit, no nation has more or better examples. They are good at storming redoubts, at boarding frigates, at dying in the last ditch, or any desperate service which has daylight and honour in it. They stoutly carry into every nook and corner of the earth their turbulent sense of inquiry, leaving no lie uncontradicted, no pretension unexamined.

They are very conscious of their advantageous position in history. I suppose that all men of English blood in America, Europe, or Asia, have a secret feeling of joy that they are not Frenchmen. They only are not foreigners. In short, I am afraid that the English nature is so rank and aggressive as to be a little incompatible with any other. The world is not wide enough for two. More intellectual than other races, when they live with other races they do not take their language, but bestow their own. They subsidise other nations, and are not subsidised. They proselytise and are not proselytised. They assimilate other nations to themselves and are not assimilated.

III.--*Wealth, Aristocracy, and Religion*

There is no country in which so absolute a homage is paid to wealth. There is a mixture of religion in it. The Englishman esteems wealth a

final certificate. He believes that every man has himself to thank if he does not mend his condition. To pay their debts is their national point of honour. The British armies are solvent, and pay for what they take. The British empire is solvent. It is their maxim that the weight of taxes must be calculated not by what is taken but by what is left. They say without shame: "I cannot afford it." Such is their enterprise, that there is enough wealth in England to support the entire population in idleness one year. The proudest result of this creation of wealth is that great and refined forces are put at the disposal of the private citizen, and in the social world the Englishman to-day has the best lot. I much prefer the condition of an English gentleman of the better class to that of any potentate in Europe.

The feudal character of the English state, now that it is getting obsolete, glares a little in contrast with democratic tendencies. But the frame of society is aristocratic. Every man who becomes rich buys land, and does what he can to fortify the nobility, into which he hopes to rise. The taste of the people is conservative. They are proud of the castles, language, and symbols of chivalry. English history is aristocracy with the doors open. Who has courage and faculty, let him come in.

All nobility in its beginnings was somebody's natural superiority. The things these English have done were not done without peril of life, nor without wisdom of conduct, and the first hands, it may be presumed, were often challenged to show their right to their honours, or yield them to better men.

Comity, social talent, and fine manners no doubt have had their part also. The lawyer, the farmer, the silk mercer lies perdu under the coronet, and winks to the antiquary to say nothing. They were nobody's sons who did some piece of work at a nice moment.

The English names are excellent--they spread an atmosphere of legendary melody over the land. Older than epics and histories, which clothe a nation, this undershirt sits close to the body. What stores of primitive and savage observation it infolds! Cambridge is the bridge

of the Cam; Sheffield the field of the river Sheaf; Leicester the camp of Lear; Waltham is Strong Town; Radcliffe is Red Cliff, and so on--a sincerity and use in naming very striking to an American, whose country is whitewashed all over with unmeaning names, the cast-off clothes of the country from which the emigrants came, or named at a pinch from a psalm tune.

In seeing old castles and cathedrals I sometimes say: "This was built by another and a better race than any that now look on it." Their architecture still glows with faith in immortality. Good churches are not built by bad men; at least, there must be probity and enthusiasm somewhere in society.

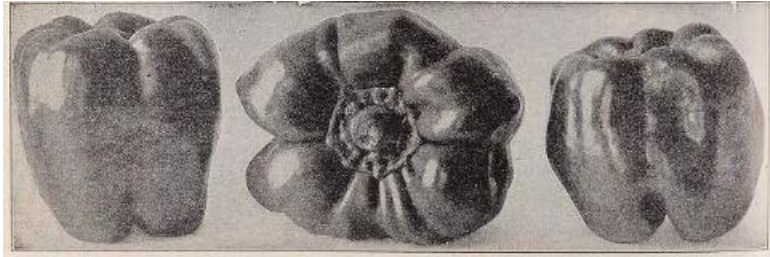
England felt the full heat of the Christianity which fermented Europe, and, like the chemistry of fire, drew a firm line between barbarism and culture. When the Saxon instinct had secured a service in the vernacular tongue the Church was the tutor and university of the people.

Now the Anglican Church is marked by the grace and good sense of its forms; by the manly grace of its clergy. The gospel it preaches is "By taste are ye saved." The religion of England is part of good breeding. When you see on the Continent the well-dressed Englishman come into his ambassador's chapel and put his face for silent prayer into his well-brushed hat, you cannot help feeling how much national pride prays with him, and the religion of a gentleman.

At this moment the Church is much to be pitied. If a bishop meets an intelligent gentleman and reads fatal interrogation in his eyes, he has no resource but to take wine with him.

But the religion of England--is it the Established Church? No. Is it the sects? No. Where dwells the religion? Tell me first where dwells electricity, or motion, or thought? They do not dwell or stay at all. Electricity is passing, glancing, gesticular; it is a traveller, a newness, a secret. Yet, if religion be the doing of all good, and for its sake the suffering of all evil, that divine secret has existed in England from the days of Alfred to the days of Florence Nightingale,

and in thousands who have no fame.



VEGETABLE PLANTS IN THE HOUSE

Project Gutenberg's **ABC of Vegetable Gardening**, by Eben Eugene Rexford

Many persons would like to grow early vegetables. With a view to "getting the start of the season" and, incidentally, of their neighbors, they sow seed in pots and boxes in March and April and attempt to get an "early start" for plants that will form a basis of supply for family use while they are waiting for the development of the general crop from seed sown in the garden after the weather has become sufficiently warm to warrant outdoor gardening. In some instances comparative success has resulted from plants started into growth in the house, but nine times out of ten, it is safe to say, the result has been entire failure. The seedlings grow fairly well at first, but soon become weak and die. If, by chance, a few survive until conditions warrant putting them in the ground, they are so lacking in vitality that the change from indoors to outdoors is pretty sure to be the end of them.

I would never advise trying to grow plants from seed, in the house, unless the grower understands beforehand the drawbacks to plant-growth which prevail in the average dwelling, and is willing to do all he can to overcome them. Simply filling boxes or pots with earth, putting seed into them, and supplying water will not insure success.

One of the unfavorable conditions which seedling plants must struggle against is too much heat, if they are kept in the living-room. An undue amount of warmth forces them into abnormal development in the early stages of their growth, and a little later on there comes a reaction from the weakness thus brought about, and this reaction is almost invariably death to the tender plant.

Another unfavorable condition is the result of indiscriminate watering. The soil is either kept too wet or too dry. To grow good plants there must be an even supply of moisture.

A third unfortunate condition is the result of failure to give the plants a liberal supply of fresh air.

It is possible, however, to overcome these conditions and grow really good plants from seed in the living-room, but it cannot be done unless the amateur gardener is sufficiently interested in the undertaking to give his plants all the attention they need.

Instead of keeping them in the living-room--which in most instances will have a temperature of 79 or 80°--I would advise giving them place in a room opening off the sitting-room, where the temperature can be so regulated that it will not go above 65° at any time. There is far less danger of plants suffering from a low temperature than of their being injured by an excess of heat. If the room in which they are kept has snug windows, in most instances it will get all the warmth that is needed by leaving open at night the door which connects it with the living-room. If the weather is very cold, the plants can be removed, temporarily, to the living-room, or they can be covered with newspapers. Thick paper shades at the windows will do much to keep out cold and prevent draughts. Storm-sash will do this most effectively, but it interferes with giving the young plants the fresh air they need. Therefore I would prefer the shades, and depend upon removal to a warmer place on extra-cold nights.

Fresh air will be found a most important factor in the growth of seedling plants indoors. Unless it can be given it will be almost impossible to grow any plant well in the ordinary dwelling. It should be admitted to the room on every pleasant day by opening a window at the top, or a door at some distance from the plants. The fresh, cold air should be allowed to mix with the warm air in the room before it comes in contact with the plants, as a chill will often do about as much damage as a touch of frost.

Watering these plants is a matter of prime importance. Generally water is applied carelessly and irregularly--too much to-day, and none at all to-morrow. We saturate the soil with it while only enough is required to make it moist. An over-supply of water at the roots, combined with too much heat and lack of fresh air, will undermine the constitution of any plant, because such a combination excites unnatural development, and this means a lowering of the vital force to the danger-point.

I have devised a method by which I have succeeded in controlling the supply of moisture in the soil to my complete satisfaction. I use boxes about four inches deep to start my plants in. In the bottom of these boxes I put sphagnum moss. There should be at least an inch of it after it has been pressed down by the weight of the soil above. The bottom of the seed-box is bored full of small holes. Each box sets in a shallow pan of galvanized iron, on a layer of coarse gravel, which raises it enough to allow water to circulate freely under it. Water is poured into the iron pan, using enough to come up about half an inch above the bottom of the seed-box, or in contact with the moss in it, and it should be kept at this height at all times. The moss absorbs the moisture like a sponge, and the soil above constantly sucks up all that is needed to keep it in a sufficiently moist condition to meet the requirements of the plants growing in it. The absorbent qualities of the moss are such that an excessive amount of moisture is never communicated to the soil above. Thus I secure a steady and even supply, which does away entirely with the danger resulting from the application of water to the surface of the soil from

watering-pot or basin.

If the temperature can be controlled in such a way that it will not vary much from 60 to 65°, if the soil can be kept moist but never wet, and fresh air can be given in generous quantity regularly, it will be found a comparatively easy matter to grow plants satisfactorily from seed in the house, and have them in such healthy condition by the time it is safe to put them out in the garden that they will average up well with the plants the professional gardener raises in hotbed and cold-frame. By the use of such plants, and such plants only, can we expect to grow early vegetables successfully.

PETUNIAS.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of **Talks about Flowers**, by Mrs. M. D. Wellcome

Few things in the garden will make more show throughout the entire season, even after quite severe frosts, than a bed of Petunias from a paper of seed marked "Choicest Mixed from Show Flowers." They will produce such a profusion of flowers, charming one from day to day with their variations of markings, and of color. Some retain their distinctive characteristics, while with others they are changeful as the Kaleidoscope. Stripes, blotches, sprays, white throats, green edges, they are just lovely. Then there are the double sorts; purple with white spots, white with purple; rose color, white, purplish-crimson margined with white; lilac veined with purple; white with stripes of purple in the center of each petal, some exquisitely fringed; large and full as a rose, and some almost as sweet.

In nothing, perhaps, has there been such a wonderful improvement by culture and hybridising as the Petunia. Mr. Vick tells us how that half a century ago, he saw for the first time, a Petunia. It was a novelty--a strange flower from a flowery land, South America, and it was carefully

treated in green-houses. The flower was white and small, and looked somewhat as if made of paper--such a flower as would now be destroyed if by chance seen growing accidentally in our gardens. The novelty soon subsided, and although it was ascertained that it could be grown in gardens, it did not possess sufficient merit to gain popular favor. A little later, however, about 1831, to the astonishment of the floral world, it was announced that a new Petunia, of a purple color, had been discovered in Buenos Ayres. It was first flowered and seeded in the Botanic Gardens of Glasgow, and thence seed was sent all over Europe and to America, where it soon became a great favorite. About thirty years ago a double Petunia was grown and propagated by cuttings. It was only semi-double and white, but it was the commencement of a new era in Petunia culture. Truly wonderful have been the advances in development of this beautiful flower.

The Petunia is divided into three distinct classes, the Grandiflora, Small Flowered and Double.

The Grandiflora varieties have a strong succulent growth, the flowers are not so numerous as some others, but are very large and double, frequently measuring three inches in diameter, and some kinds are exquisitely marked with various shades of violet, purple, maroon and scarlet upon white ground; some striped, others bordered, some marbled, some deeply fringed. The double Petunia gives no seed, and it is only by fertilizing single flowers with the pollen of the double that seed can be obtained. But Petunias of all kinds are easily multiplied by cuttings.

The Small Flowered class are those that make our gardens so attractive with their varied hues and markings. Some of the new hybrids are of wonderful beauty. Last year gave two of the Double and Fringed sort that have been frequently noted as gems of the first water.

Mrs. Edward Roby, color, a glowing crimson-maroon, edged with pure white, very double and deeply fringed. Model of Perfection, deep maroon, heavily edged with white, and deeply fringed. These were priced last year in a Western catalogue at \$1.50 each; this year they are priced at

30 cents. So one gains by waiting a year for high-priced novelties.

New Double Fringed Petunia for 1881, is President Garfield, which originated with Mr. C. E. Allen, and is thus described in his catalogue: "Color, light purple veined with deep purple magenta, edged with a broad band of an exquisite shade of green. Very novel in its appearance and a new color in double petunias; flower very large and deeply fringed. Plants strong and vigorous; one of the finest sorts ever offered." For a Petunia so unique as this, with its broad band of green, and now offered for the first time; its price, 75 cents, is low.

COMBINATION FRUIT-AND-VEGETABLE SALADS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of **Woman's Institute Library of Cookery, Vol. 4**

Sometimes it is desired to make a salad that contains both fruits and vegetables. Various fruits can be used for this purpose, but celery, as has been stated, is about the only vegetable that combines well with fruit, unless, of course, the garnish, which is nearly always a vegetable, is considered a part of the salad. Recipes for several very appetizing salads containing both vegetables and fruits follow.

70. APPLE-AND-CELERY SALAD.--If an excellent winter salad is desired, apple-and-celery salad should be selected, for both celery and apples are best during the winter months. As they are very similar in color, they are not especially appetizing in appearance when combined for a salad, but they make a very popular combination with most persons.

APPLE-AND-CELERY SALAD

(Sufficient to Serve Four)

1 c. diced apples
Boiled salad dressing
1 c. diced celery
Lettuce

Prepare the apples and celery as short a time before serving as possible, but if it is necessary that the apples stand for any length of time, sprinkle them with a little lemon juice and water to keep them from turning brown. Just before serving, mix them with the salad dressing. Place on salad plates garnished with lettuce and serve.

71. **WALDORF SALAD.**--If to the apple-and-celery salad just explained 1/2 cupful of chopped English walnut meats is added, what is known as Waldorf salad will result. The nuts, which should be added to the mixture just before placing it on the table, may be mixed with the other ingredients or they may be placed on top. Nuts that are to be used for such a purpose should not be run through a grinder, but should be cut with a knife or chopped with a chopping knife and bowl.

72. **GRAPEFRUIT-AND-CELERY SALAD.**--Celery is sometimes used with grapefruit to make a salad. This combination is most often served with French dressing, but any other desirable dressing may be used as well. Prepare the grapefruit in the same way as oranges are prepared for salad, and cut each section into three or four pieces. Add to this an equal amount of diced celery and serve on a lettuce leaf with any desired dressing.

FRUIT SALADS

73. Salads made of fruit are undoubtedly the most delicious that can be prepared. In addition to being delightful in both appearance and flavor, they afford another means of introducing fruit into the diet. As fruit is decidedly beneficial for all persons with a normal digestion, every opportunity to include it in the diet should be grasped.

Some fruit salads are comparatively bland in flavor while others are much more acid, but the mild ones are neither so appetizing nor so

beneficial as those which are somewhat tart. Advantage should be taken of the various kinds of fresh fruits during the seasons when they can be obtained, for usually very appetizing salads can be made of them. However, the family need not be deprived of fruit salads during the winter when fresh fruits cannot be secured, for delicious salads can be made from canned and dried fruits, as well as from bananas and citrus fruits, which are usually found in all markets.

74. FRUIT-SALAD DRESSING.--Various dressings may be served with fruit salad, and usually the one selected depends on the preference of those to whom it is served. However, an excellent dressing for salad of this kind and one that most persons find delicious is made from fruit juices thickened by means of eggs. Whenever a recipe in this Section calls for a fruit-salad dressing, this is the one that is intended.

FRUIT-SALAD DRESSING

1/2 c. pineapple, peach, or pear juice
1/2 c. orange juice
1/4 c. lemon juice
1/4 c. sugar
2 eggs

Mix the fruit juices, add the sugar, beat the eggs slightly, and add them. Put the whole into a double boiler and cook until the mixture begins to thicken. Remove from the fire and beat for a few seconds with a rotary egg beater. Cool and serve.

75. COMBINATION FRUIT SALAD.--The combination of fruits given in the accompanying recipe makes a very good salad, but it need not be adhered to strictly. If one or more of the fruits is not in supply, it may be omitted and some other used. In case canned pineapple is used for the salad, the juice from the fruit may be utilized in making a fruit-salad dressing.

COMBINATION FRUIT SALAD

(Sufficient to Serve Six)

1 grapefruit
2 oranges
1 banana
2 apples
2 slices pineapple
Salad dressing
Lettuce

Prepare the grapefruit and oranges according to the directions previously given. Slice the banana crosswise into 1/4-inch slices and cut each slice into four sections. Dice the apples and cut the pineapple in narrow wedge-shaped pieces. Mix the fruit just before serving. Add the salad dressing, which may be fruit-salad dressing, French dressing, or some other desirable salad dressing, by mixing it with the fruit or merely pouring it over the top. Serve on salad plates garnished with lettuce leaves. Place a maraschino cherry on top.

76. *SUMMER COMBINATION SALAD.*--Any agreeable combination of fruits which may be obtained during the same season will be suitable for summer combination salad. The combination given in the accompanying recipe includes strawberries, pineapple, and cherries. However, pineapple and cherries may be used alone, or strawberries and pineapple may be used without the cherries, or red raspberries may be used to garnish such a salad.

SUMMER COMBINATION SALAD
(Sufficient to Serve Six)

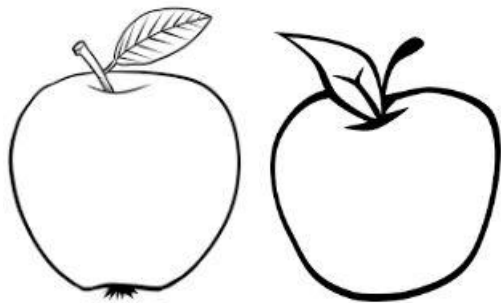
3/4 c. strawberries, cut into halves
3/4 c. pineapple, cut into dice
3/4 c. sweet cherries, seeded
Lettuce
Fruit-salad dressing

Prepare the fruits just before serving. Put them together, place on salad plates garnished with lettuce, and serve with the

fruit-salad dressing.

77. FILBERT-AND-CHERRY SALAD.--If something different in the way of salad is desired, cherries that have been seeded and then filled with filberts will prove a delightful change. With this salad, which is shown in Fig. 10, any salad dressing may be served, but fruit-salad dressing makes it especially delicious.

78. DATE-AND-ENGLISH-WALNUT SALAD.--Persons who are fond of dates will find a salad made of dates and walnuts very palatable. In addition, such a salad is high in food value. Select firm whole dates, wash, and dry between clean towels. Cut a slit in the side of each date and remove the seed. Place half an English walnut meat inside and press the date together. Garnish salad plates with lettuce and serve five or six of the dates in a star shape for each serving. In the center, pour a spoonful or two of cream salad dressing, boiled salad dressing, or any other dressing that may be desired.



79. APPLE-DATE-AND-ORANGE SALAD.--The combination of fruits required by the accompanying recipe is an easy one to procure in the winter time. Apple-and-date salad is a combination much liked, but unless it is served with a rather sour dressing, it is found to be too bland and sweet for most persons. The addition of the orange gives just the acid touch that is necessary to relieve this monotonous sweetness.

APPLE-DATE-AND-ORANGE SALAD
(Sufficient to Serve Six)

1 c. diced apples Lettuce

3/4 c. dates, seeded Salad dressing
2 oranges
Lettuce
Salad Dressing

Peel the apples and dice them into fine pieces. Wash the dates, remove the seeds, and cut each date into six or eight pieces. Prepare the oranges as directed for preparing oranges for salad, and cut each section into two or three pieces. Just before serving, mix the fruits carefully so as not to make the salad look mushy, pile in a neat heap on garnished salad plates, and serve with any desired dressing.

80. **CALIFORNIA SALAD.**--During the months in which California grapes can be found in the market, a very delicious salad can be made by combining them with grapefruit and oranges. Either Malaga or Tokay grapes may be used.

CALIFORNIA SALAD
(Sufficient to Serve Six)

1-1/2 c. grapes
2 oranges Salad
1 grapefruit
Lettuce
Salad Dressing

Prepare the grapes by washing them in cold water, cutting them into halves, and removing the seeds. Remove the sections from the oranges and grapefruit in the way previously directed, and cut each section into three or four pieces. Mix the fruits and drain carefully so that they contain no juice or liquid. Pile in a heap on salad plates garnished with lettuce and serve with any desired dressing.

81. **BANANA-AND-PEANUT SALAD.**--A very good fruit-and-nut combination for a salad consists of bananas and ground peanuts. The bananas, after being cut in half lengthwise, are rolled in the peanuts, placed on a lettuce leaf, and served with dressing. If it is desired to improve the flavor,

the bananas may be dipped into the salad dressing before being rolled in the peanuts.

Peel the required number of bananas, scrape the pithy material from their surface, and cut in half lengthwise. Grind the peanuts rather fine and roll each half of banana in them. Place on a garnished salad plate and serve with boiled dressing.

82. *FRUIT IN CANTALOUPE SHELLS.*--During cantaloupe season, a delightful fruit salad can be made by combining several different kinds of fruit with the meat of cantaloupe and serving the mixture in the cantaloupe shells. Such a salad is an excellent one to serve when dainty refreshments are desired or when something unusual is wanted for a nice luncheon.

Cut cantaloupes in half crosswise, and, using the French cutter, cut some of the meat into round balls. Dice the remainder and mix with any combination of fruit desired. Place this in the cantaloupe shells after cutting points in the top edge. Garnish with the balls cut from the cantaloupe and serve with any desired dressing.

83. *PINEAPPLE-AND-NUT SALAD.*--Because of its refreshing flavor, pineapple makes a delicious salad. It may be combined with various foods, but is very good when merely nuts and salad dressing are used, as in the accompanying recipe.

Place slices of canned pineapple on salad plates garnished with lettuce leaves. Mix whipped cream with salad dressing until the dressing becomes stiff, and place a spoonful or two of this in the center of each slice of pineapple. Sprinkle generously with chopped nuts, English walnuts or pecans being preferable.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Project Gutenberg EBook of **How To Get the Most Out of Your Victrola**

If you limited the number of colors that a painter might use on his palette, he might, if he were a great painter, produce masterpieces of art; but give him unlimited scope in the choosing of his pigments and you might reasonably expect the highest possible achievements.

The symphony orchestra as it is constituted today is the most ambitious and the most perfect musical “instrument” in the world. It combines all the existing types of instruments and so can readily achieve all the possible varieties and shades of tone colors. The analogy between the organist and the symphony orchestra conductor is fairly close, and to think of a symphony orchestra, consisting of a hundred or so of the most skillful players obtainable, as a single instrument, is quite permissible.

Here, again, a recent achievement of the Victor laboratories has opened up a vast field of musical satisfaction for the music-lover. Until recently it seemed impossible to make satisfactory records of a complete symphony orchestra. The tones and overtones developed in some measure by every one of the scores of instruments would persist in getting in one another’s way to such an extent that worthy reproductions could not be obtained. We have, however, just recently produced records of complete symphony orchestras, which represent one of the most far-reaching achievements in many years, and as time goes on we shall continue to produce more.

Thousands of honest souls despising cant in any form are continually asking, “How am I to listen to music in order to get the utmost out of it?” and since the symphony orchestra is the highest instrumental development of music, and consequently the most complex, it is in listening to the symphony orchestra that this need is most acute.

When all the splendid pageantry of opera is spread before one’s eyes, there are plenty of clues, and the emotional struggles of even fictitious humans can never be entirely beyond our ken. A symphony,

however, has no recognizable background of creatures made in our own image and laboring under our own frailties, so necessarily it must be listened to in a more impersonal way.

A symphony has form and design and “color,” just as has a painting. The essential difference between them as works of art is that the picture “stands still” while you look at it, whereas the symphony does not. An even closer simile would be the moving picture, for in that just as in the symphony, you must know and remember what has gone before in order to realize the significance of what comes in the middle or at the end. At the “movies” you are dependent upon your eyes—at the symphony concert you must depend upon your ears.

The form of the symphony has been pretty thoroughly established. It consists of four movements. The first an allegro, or quick and energetic movement, the beginning of a psychological “picture”; the second, an andante, or slow movement which may represent hopes, fears, aspirations; a scherzo, or brisk, exhilarating movement of merriment, madness or strife; and a finale, the tragic or triumphant outcome.

The theme of the entire Beethoven C Minor Symphony consists of three short notes of the same pitch and one longer note a little lower in pitch, and the “design” of that symphony is the manner in which this same theme is built up and elaborated by repetition in different keys, rhythms and speeds, and also in the manner in which it is contrasted with other themes.

Few symphonies are as logically constructed as the C Minor of Beethoven, and as a rule new themes are chosen for each movement. Each movement is complete in itself, but sympathetically related to the others. The great thing in listening to a symphony movement is to listen for repetitions of the chief themes or melodies. These themes are often greatly changed in various ways in the course of a movement, as it is part of the composer’s task to get variety of treatment with unity of idea. But he invariably contrives to give due prominence to his chief themes, and half the joy of listening to a symphony lies in recognizing the principal themes as they emerge from the mass of sound, clothed perhaps

in new harmonies, or new instrumental effects.

As to “color”—we are told that all the colors we see are mere vibration. We realize easily enough that music is vibration, and it doesn’t require any very great stretch of the imagination to see the difference in (tone) color between the violin and the piccolo.

When you can recognize these various elements in their varied forms and recognize the different “voices” of the orchestra, you will have learned how the musical “fans” derive the maximum of mental satisfaction from the symphony and for the reason that any obscure passage may be repeated as often as necessary it is obvious that the Victrola must be of great assistance in developing a genuine sense of discrimination.

Among the Symphony Orchestra records listed in the Victor Catalogue, we suggest that you make a point of hearing the Lohengrin Prelude, the Tschaikowsky Symphony in F Minor, the Brahms Hungarian Dances, the Surprise Symphony, the Poet and Peasant Overture, the Mozart G Minor Symphony and the “Invitation to the Waltz.”

JOHN STUART MILL: 1879.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of **Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century**, by Georg Brandes

I.

One day in July, 1870, as I was pacing the floor of my room in Paris, with a book in my hand, I heard a modest knock at the door. The clock-maker, thought I, for it was the appointed time when, once each week, on the stroke of the hour, an assistant of the clock-maker was in the habit of making his appearance to wind up all the clocks of the little _hotel garni_.

I opened the door. Without there stood a tall, thin, elderly man, in a rather long black frock-coat buttoned about the waist. "Walk in!" said I, and resumed my book without bestowing further scrutiny upon him. But the man stood still, raised his hat, and questioningly mentioned my name. "That is my name," I replied, and before I could ask any question in return, I heard uttered in a subdued voice, the words, "I am Mr. Mill." Had the gentleman introduced himself as the king of Portugal, I could scarcely have been more astonished, and I do not know what he could have said that for the moment would have given me greater pleasure. My feeling was the same that a corporal of the young guards, under the first empire, might have experienced, had the great Napoleon, during one of his rounds in the camp, paid him the honor to notice his existence by giving his ear a pull.

I had attempted to make Stuart Mill known in my fatherland, and on this account he had repeatedly written to me, besides sending numerous pamphlets and newspapers, likely to be of interest to me, both to Copenhagen and to Paris; so he knew my address, and as he was passing through Paris, where, strange to relate, he did not possess a single acquaintance, he did not hesitate to traverse the long distance from the Windsor Hotel to the Rue Mazarin to honor his young correspondent with a visit.

As he mentioned his name to me, I recalled at once his portrait. It gave, however, as little idea of the expression of his countenance and the hue of his skin, as of the way in which he walked and stood. Although sixty-four years of age, his complexion was as pure and fresh as that of a child. He had the smooth, childlike skin and the rosy cheeks that are scarcely ever seen in elderly men of the continent, but that not seldom may be observed in the white-haired gentlemen who take their noonday horseback rides in Hyde Park. His eyes were bright, and of a deep, dark blue, his nose slender and curved, his brow high and arched, with a strongly marked protuberance over the left eye; he looked as though the labor of thought might have forced its organs to extend in order to make more room. The face, with its large and marked features, was full of simplicity, but was not calm; it was, indeed,

continually distorted by a nervous twitching, which seemed to betray the restless, tremulous life of the soul. In conversation, he had difficulty in finding words, and sometimes stammered at the beginning of a sentence. Seated comfortably in my room, with his fresh, superb physiognomy, and his powerful brow, he looked like a younger and more vigorous man than he really was. When I accompanied him on the street later, however, I observed that his walk, in spite of its rapidity, was rather halting, and that, notwithstanding his slender form, age had left its impress on his bearing. His dress made him seem older than he was. The old-fashioned coat he wore proved how indifferent he was to his external appearance. He was clad in black, and a crape band was wound in many irregular folds about his hat. Although she had been long dead, he still wore mourning for his wife.

No further signs of negligence were visible; a quiet nobility and a perfect self-control pervaded his presence. Even to one who had not read his works it would have been very evident that it was one of the kings of thought that had taken his seat in the red velvet arm-chair near the fireplace, whose mantel clock my unfounded suspicion led me to suppose he had come to wind up.

II.

He spoke first of all of his wife, whose grave in Avignon he had just left. He had purchased a house in that city, where she had died, and always passed half of the year there. Already in his introduction to her essay on the "Enfranchisement of Women," which was the foundation of his own book on "The Subjection of Women," he had given public utterance to his enthusiastic admiration for the deceased. He had there said, the loss of the authoress was one that, even from a purely intellectual point of view, could never be repaired; he had declared that he would rather see the essay remain "unacknowledged, than that it should be read with the idea that even the faintest image could be found in it of a mind and heart which, in their union of the rarest, and what are deemed the most conflicting, excellences, were unparalleled"; indeed, he had called "the highest poetry, philosophy, oratory, or art," "trivial by the side of her," and had ended with the

prophecy, that if mankind continued to improve, its spiritual history for ages to come would be nothing but "the progressive working out of her thoughts and realization of her conceptions." In this tone, too, he spoke of her in my room. We may well suppose that the man who could thus express himself was no great portrait-painter, and we may doubt the objective tendency of his judgment; we cannot, however, accuse him of viewing marriage as a mere contract, a charge frequently brought against him on account of his ultra-rationalistic standpoint on the woman question. Great poets, like Dante and Petrarch, have erected over the women who were fantastically beloved by them a fantastic monument; but I do not know that ever a poet gave such true and such warm expression to his loving veneration of a female character as Mill, in the words in which his opinion of her worth and her enduring significance to him was couched. The inscription he had cast on her tombstone in Avignon is no evidence of an artistic talent for the lapidary style; it has too many and too eulogistic words. How energetic and beautiful, though, is the sentence with which it ends, "Were there even a few hearts and intellects like hers, this earth would already become the hoped-for heaven." I asked Mill if his wife had ever written anything else than the essay edited by him. "No," he answered; "but all through my writings you will find her ideas; the best passages in my books are by her." "In your 'System of Logic' too?" I asked once more. "No," he replied, half apologetically; "my Logic was written before I was married." I could not avoid thinking that the contributions of Mrs. Mill to the inductive logic, even in the opposite case, could scarcely have been very considerable; a little thinking and reasoning would, under all circumstances, have fallen to the lot of Mill himself. The tone of reverential submissiveness apparent in his conversation was, however, peculiar to the temperament of the great thinker.

His nature was endowed with a decided inclination to serve not a cause alone, but its personal incarnation, and thus he was led to worship one after the other, two individuals, who, rare and significant though they may have been, were by no means his superiors,--his father and his wife. To his father (and to Bentham) he looked up in his early youth, to his wife all the rest of his life.

No one who has read Mill's "Autobiography" will have forgotten the gloomy description he gives of the desperate state of languor which ushered in his manhood. It was a long and painful crisis, during which his nature reacted against the excessive development of his faculties caused by his abnormal education. Instead of admiring the perfect intellectual organization which enabled him to come forth uninjured from the overfreighted and dangerous school of his father, English mediocrity was fond of pronouncing him, because of this hot-house culture, an abnormal being who was by no means fitted to be a teacher and an example. In the incredibly large and varied store of information imparted to him when he was a mere boy, the proof of the unnaturalness of his teachings and the "inhumanity" of Stuart Mill was found. What could be expected from a reading-machine that had studied Greek at three years of age, and at thirteen had gone through a course of political economy? The crisis which followed this overloading has been no less misinterpreted than was the encyclopædic education of the boy. Its symptoms were total indifference to all objects that previously had seemed to the young man worth desiring, and an unbroken state of joylessness, during which he asked himself whether the complete realization of all his ideas, and the achievement of the reforms for which he had been eager, would cause him genuine satisfaction, and found himself compelled to answer the question in the negative. Philosophers have discovered in this crisis nature's contradiction of Mill's utilitarian theory, inasmuch as, according to his own confession, the realization of the greatest possible happiness for the greatest possible number would have failed to make him happy. Theologians have found in it the stealthy approach of that secret melancholy, that deep-seated despair, which is always experienced by unbelievers, even when they themselves are not aware of it. Still, it is scarcely evidence against utilitarianism that morality alone is not sufficient for happiness, and it would be poor testimony, indeed, in behalf of the indispensability of dogmatic belief that a highly gifted and eminently critical youth of twenty years of age (who, moreover, both earlier and later managed to make his way cheerfully through the world without dogmatic belief) passed one whole winter in a state of profound aversion to action, overwhelmed with that sense of the misery of existence, with which every speculative mind is compelled to

contend, and which almost every one is forced to conquer at least once in a lifetime. Among highly developed men there are but few who have not known this self-abandonment; with some it is of short duration, with others it becomes chronic: the exterior cause, as well as the weapons to be used against it, alone differ. Every one has his armor against discontent, one the impulse to work, another ambition, another family life, another frivolity; but through the meshes of his coat of mail weariness of life will occasionally find its way. With Stuart Mill this armor was manifestly the certainty of being in harmony with the mind of another person whom he esteemed more highly than himself. We must not overlook his own utterance that if he had, during the sorrowful crisis, "loved any one sufficiently to making confiding his griefs a necessity, he should not have been in the condition he was." Had Mill at that time been acquainted with his future wife, the crisis would certainly not have assumed such an acute character: she would have helped him to conquer his profound dejection more surely than dogmas and moral systems. This is very obvious from the pertinent words with which he has described his condition, "I was thus, as I said to myself, stranded at the commencement of my voyage, with a well equipped ship and a rudder, but no sail." The sail of this ship, which bore so rich and precious a freight, was and always remained his enthusiastic tendency to bow in profound submission before a chosen idol. At that period the influence of his father was markedly on the wane, that of his wife had not yet begun; consequently he stood still.

So much, at least, was made very plain in my first conversation with Mill, that the gain of this woman friend was the greatest boon of his life. Only in one of the passages that he has written about her has he succeeded in giving an exact idea of the peculiar nature of her character, and that is where he compares her to Shelley. A female Shelley--so she stood before him in his youth; later, even Shelley, who was so early snatched away, seemed to him a child in thought and intellectual maturity in comparison with what she became. He states many times, in very decided terms, what he owes to her: the perception of the region of ultimate aims, that is, the final consequences of theory; and of that of the nearest means, that is, of the immediately useful and practically attainable. The original endowment which he

himself acknowledges, was now directed to the fusion of these extremes, to finding the medium course in political and moral truths.

Nevertheless, it does not seem to me probable that Mrs. Mill inspired her husband with any direct new thought. The essential significance to him must, I think, be sought in two other points. In the first place, she strengthened his mental courage, and it is the boldness rather than the novelty of thought that gives its character to such classic works, as "On Liberty." Many times, even during our first conversation, he returned with regret to the lack of courage that everywhere withholds writers from supporting new ideas. He said, "There are writers of the first rank, such as George Sand, whose actual originality consists in courage. I leave out of consideration," he added, "her indescribably beautiful style, whose music can only be compared with the pleasing sounds of a symphony." The very confidence that a sense of harmony with the thought of another arouses, had enabled the wife of Stuart Mill to promote in him the courage he so extolled in George Sand.

In the second place, through her female universality, Mrs. Mill prevented her husband from running into any prejudice whatsoever. She confirmed in his mind a certain scepticism that led him to keep open amid the ice of doctrine one spot that would never freeze; and in thus inclining him to be sceptical, she became the cause of his progress. While the majority of so-called freethinkers have almost always purchased relative free thought in one point with double obduracy in other respects, Mill was continually on his guard against conventional prejudice; indeed, until the day of his death he carried on a sharp warfare against it, ferreting it out in its stronghold with the utmost intrepidity, in order to denounce and annihilate it.

Finally, there can be no doubt that Mrs. Mill was largely responsible for the active part her husband took in advocating the elevation of woman's social position. I felt interested to learn whether he had ever replied to his assailants on the woman question. He had given them no answer, nor did he purpose to pay any heed to them. "Why," said he, "forever keep repeating the same thing? Not one of them has produced anything of value." I touched upon the opposition of

several physicians, whose objections were based on the necessities of nature to which a woman is subjected. He spoke harshly and positively against the prejudices of physicians in general. Long and tenderly he lingered, on the contrary, on the pleasure women took in performing the duties of the medical profession, and of the decided vocation they not unfrequently manifested for it. He mentioned Miss Garrett, who had recently taken a medical degree in Paris, and praised her as the first woman who had had the courage to make such an attempt. In a letter to me, he had once designated the woman question as "in his eyes the most important of all political questions of the present day." At all events, it was one of those which during the last years of his life personally occupied him the most.

He did not hesitate, either in his written or in his spoken words, to use the strongest expressions in order to place in the right light his conception of the unnaturalness of women's state of dependence. Indeed, he had not been afraid to challenge universal laughter through his vehement assertion, that, as we had never seen woman in freedom, we did know nothing whatever until now of her nature; as though Raphael's Sistine Madonna, Shakespeare's young maidens, all the literature about women, in fact, had taught us nothing of the feminine character. On this point he was almost fanatical. He, who in all the relations between man and woman was refinement and delicacy itself, allowed himself to be positively insulting in his expressions when an opinion differing from his own on his favorite topic was uttered in his presence. One day I chanced to be visiting a celebrated French savant when the mail brought him a letter from Stuart Mill. It was an answer to a communication in which the Frenchman had expressed the opinion that the change in the social status of women, demanded in Mill's essay on "The Subjection of Women," might turn out well in England, where it would harmonize with the character of the race, but that in France, where the talents and tastes of the women were so contrary to it, there could be no possibility of success. Mill's pithy reply, which was handed to me with a smile, read as follows: "I see in your remarks that contempt for woman which is so prevalent in France. All that I can say on the subject is, that the French women pay this contempt back with interest to the men of France."

The peculiarity of Mill's standpoint in this emancipation question was, that it was based solely and entirely on a Socratic ignorance. He refused to see in the accumulated experience of ages any proof in regard to the boundaries of the so long enthralled feminine mind, and insisted that *_à priori_* we knew nothing at all about woman. He proceeded from no doctrinal view of especial feminine faculties, resting content with the simple proposition that man had no right to deny woman any occupation to which she felt attracted; and he declared everything like guardianship to be utterly useless as well as unjust, since free competition would of itself exclude woman from every occupation for which she was incapacitated, or in which man decidedly surpassed her. He has repelled many people by immediately deducing the final logical consequences of his theory the first time the question was brought forward, and by advocating the immediate participation of women in the affairs of government; but, as an Englishman, he had a too matter-of-fact mind not to limit the practical agitation to a single point. I remember asking him why--in utter disregard of what appeared to me the first requisite of all, social emancipation--every effort in England and America was concentrated on political suffrage, which was so much more difficult to attain. He replied, "Because when that is gained, all the rest will follow."

III.

He rose to take his leave, and having been informed that I meditated a trip to London, he asked me if I would make it with him. Fearing to intrude, I declined, and received an invitation to visit him in England. I had at that time just read Mill's masterly work on the philosophy of William Hamilton, was very full of it, and my mind was burdened with a thousand philosophic questions aroused by it. I was, therefore, greatly rejoiced that so rare an opportunity offered itself to discuss my doubts with the author himself, and a week later I rang the bell at the garden gate in front of Mill's country seat in Blackheath Park, near London, that little wicket gate before which I have never stood without a feeling of joyous expectation, and which I have never closed behind me without a sense of having been

intellectually enriched.

My university education in Copenhagen had been an abstract metaphysical one; the professors of philosophy of the institution were men who, although mutually opposed to one another and supposed to be advocates of diametrically opposite standpoints, in all essentials bore the impress of the same school. They had begun their career as theologians, and had later become Hegelians, some influenced by the left flank of the Hegel school, others by the right. They had finally, together with all the rest of the world at that time, become "emancipated from Hegel," which, however, must be so interpreted as to admit of Hegel's still remaining first and last in their mental sphere. The methods of Hegel, employed now more naïvely, now in a more sophisticated way, were preached from a cathedra, devoted to the worship of the absolute, the subjective-objective; his works were cited, his few witticisms repeated, and a wearisome, never-ending controversy against his supposed errors was carried on, from which we students gathered that they were almost all founded on his undervaluation of the real, especially in his faulty discernment of the natural sciences. We were taught, however, to consider his errors more precious than the truths of other thinkers, since truth could only be attained, as was shown by the example of our worthy professors, by creeping through the loop-hole of some error of Hegel. The University of Copenhagen, notwithstanding its otherwise by no means too friendly sentiments towards Germany, held it as an incontestable fact that modern philosophy was a German, as ancient philosophy had been a Grecian science. The existence of English empiricism and of French positivism was not recognized at the university; of English philosophy, in especial, we only heard as of a system that had long since been overthrown, and whose death-blow had been dealt to it by Kant. It had only been possible for me, by a vigorous effort of the will, to tear myself free, as best I could, from the bonds of the school prevailing in Denmark, and at the period when I met Stuart Mill I was still wavering between the speculative and the positive tendency. I made no secret to Mill of my state of uncertainty.

"So, then, you are very familiar with Hegel," said he. "Do you understand German?"

"To be sure I do; I read it almost as readily as I do my mother-tongue."

"I do not understand the German language," he said, in reply, "and have never read a line of German literature in the original. In fact, I know so little German that when I have been in Germany, I have had difficulty in finding my way at railroad stations and elsewhere."

"Have you made the acquaintance of the German philosophers through translations?"

"Kant I have read in a translation, of Hegel not a syllable either in a translation or in the original. I know him only through reviews and refutations, best of all through a concise presentation of his views by the only Hegelian in England,--Stirling."

"And what impressions have you received of Hegel?"

"That the writings in which Hegel has attempted to apply his principles may perhaps contain some good things, but that everything purely metaphysical in what he has written is sheer nonsense!"

I was startled, and suggested that I supposed this remark was to be taken *cum grano salis*.

"No; every word is meant to be understood literally," replied he. Then he dwelt on the outlines of the system, on the first preliminaries, the theory of *_being_* that is identified with *_nothing_*, and exclaimed, "What would you expect from a whole that begins with such sophistry? Have you really read Hegel?"

"Certainly; I have read most of his writings."

Mill (with a highly incredulous air), "And you have understood him?"

"I think so; at least, in all the principal features of his works."

He (with almost naïve astonishment), "But is there actually anything to understand?"

I did what I could to reply to this singular and rather diffusive question, and Mill, by no means convinced, yet as though he entered into my thought, said, "I understand very well the reverence, or the gratitude, you cherish for Hegel. We are always grateful to those who have taught us to think."

Never have I felt so keenly, as during this conversation, how thoroughly Mill was a man cast in one mould, a genuine Englishman, wilful and obstinate, equipped with a singularly iron will, and absolutely devoid of any flexible critical power of appropriation. What took the deepest hold of me, however, was the impression of the ignorance in which the most noteworthy men of different countries, even of the few lands most closely akin to their own, are of their mutual merits, and that in this second half of our nineteenth century. It seemed to me one could do much good by simply studying, confronting, and understanding these great minds that fail to understand one another.

I endeavored to bring into play against the principles of empirical philosophy the mode of contemplation I owed to my university training. To my astonishment, all the arguments I brought forward, and on whose effect upon Mill I had counted much, had long been familiar to him. "Those," said he, "are the old German arguments." He traced them all back to Kant, and had his answers to them ready.

It would not be in place in these pages to treat of the real significance of the controversy between the two modern schools, a problem which, in Germany, by almost all thinkers, is solved from the Teutonic point of view; as a matter of course, Stuart Mill would not admit that David Hume had been refuted by Kant, an opinion which I now thoroughly share with him, and which I believe will be universally prevalent when the Kant worship begins to be somewhat on the decline. (I already find a trace of this change of conception in Germany in Fr. Paulsen's admirable work on Kant's "Theory of Knowledge.") At that

time, to be sure, I had a presentiment that there must be some way of reconciling the rationalistic and the empiric theory of knowledge, but I did not yet know Herpert Spencer's simple solution of the problem. Mill spoke briefly but decidedly against all attempts at mediation, and concluded, with the mingling of modesty and decision that was peculiar to him, in the following words, which have remained fixed in my memory, "I believe that we must choose between the theories."

In the same spirit he expressed himself concerning the various modern philosophers, whose thought was nearly related to his own. He recommended me to become acquainted with Herbert Spencer, yet would not advise me, he said, to study Spencer's later works; he thought that in these Spencer had deviated from the "good method." On the other hand, he urgently commended to me Spencer's "Principles of Psychology," and the two chief works of his, in my estimation, far less intellectual contemporary Bain,--"The Senses and the Intellect" and "The Emotions and the Will." He presented me with a copy of the "Analysis of the Human Mind," by his much-revered father (the edition prepared and supplied with notes by himself and Bain), extolling the book to me as the main work of the English school in this century; and I having expressed to him my admiration of his critique of Hamilton's philosophy, he sent me the book the very next day. Almost of itself the conversation fell on Taine's recently issued volume, "De l'intelligence," in which Mill is so zealously investigated, profited by, and refuted, and in which the English tendency has perhaps placed its most enduring monument in French philosophy. Mill praised Taine, called his book one of the most profound and important works of modern France, and said about the same things to me regarding it that I found repeated later in his review of it ("Fortnightly Review," July, 1870). As a whole, he liked the book; but he had the same kind of objections to offer against the last chapters as against the later works of Herbert Spencer. We must, according to his conviction, most decidedly "choose," once for all, between the conditional knowledge of empiricism and the absolute certainty of intuition, and Taine, in the last volume of his work, had attempted to establish axioms which, not being derived from experience, had validity for the whole universe, independent of the boundaries of our experience. Mill, himself, thought, as is

well known, that even the propositions of algebra and of geometry, whose empiric origin he endeavored to establish, could only be sure of a limited dominion. He extolled to me the little book "Essays by a Barrister," from which he himself quoted a few sentences. The barrister finds it quite conceivable that our multiplication-table, as well as our Euclid, may be utterly valueless in another solar system. "The question is," he says, "whether our certainty of the truth of the multiplication table arises from experience or from a transcendental conviction, excited by experience, but anterior to and formative of it." To illustrate the former of these views he presents a few striking examples:--

"There is a world in which, whenever two pairs of things are either placed in proximity or are contemplated together, a fifth thing is immediately created, and brought within the contemplation of the mind engaged in putting two and two together. This is surely neither inconceivable, for we can readily conceive the result by thinking of common puzzle tricks, nor can it be said to be beyond the power of Omnipotence, yet, in such a world, surely two and two may be five; that is, the result to the mind of contemplating two twos would be to count five. This shows that it is not inconceivable that two and two might make five; but, on the other hand, it is perfectly easy to see why in this world we are absolutely certain that two and two make four. There is probably not an instant of our lives, in which we are not experiencing the fact. We see it whenever we count four books, four tables or chairs, four men in the street, or the four comers of a paving stone, and we feel more sure of it than of the rising of the sun to-morrow, because our experience upon the subject is so much wider, and applies to such an infinitely greater number of cases. Nor is it true that every one who has once been brought to see it is equally sure of it. A boy who has just learned the multiplication table is pretty sure that twice two are four, but is often extremely doubtful whether or not seven times nine are sixty-three. If his teacher told him that twice two made five, his certainty would be greatly impaired.

"It would be possible to put a case of a world, in which two straight lines should be universally supposed to include a space. Imagine a man,

who had never had any experience of straight lines through the medium of any sense whatever, suddenly placed upon a railway, stretching out on a perfectly straight line to an indefinite distance in each direction. He would see the rails, which would be the first straight lines he ever saw, apparently meeting, or at least tending to meet, at each horizon; and he would thus infer in the absence of all other experience that they actually did enclose a space, when produced far enough. Experience alone could undeceive him. A world in which every object was round with the exception of a straight, inaccessible railway, would be a world in which every one would believe that two straight lines enclosed a space." In his conversation, Mr. Mill expressed his adherence to these humorous sophistries, which have been so keenly criticised by Spencer, and he added, "If we possessed the sense of sight without the sense of touch, we would have no doubt that two or more bodies might exist in the same place, so completely is every so-called _a priori_ axiom dependent on the character of our organs and experiences."

IV.

Our conversation turned one day on the then existing circumstances in Rome. I compared the religious condition of Rome with that of France; I reminded Stuart Mill of the phenomenon observed by both of us in Paris of the _beau monde_ congregating in a church, and added: "In your Dissertations and Discussions, you have written some words which you will scarcely now defend. You say: 'So far as the upper ranks are concerned, France may as properly be called a Buddhistic as a Catholic country; the latter is not more true than the former.' Would you still maintain this?" He answered: "It was at that time more true than now. In our day a new reaction has taken place, the possibility of which I could not conceive. In my youth I did not believe that man could retrograde; now I know it." A portion of the blame for this retrogression he ascribed to the French university philosophy. He spoke with a deprecation which was not to be wondered at, coming from his lips, of Cousin and his school. "But in spite of all," he concluded, "I cling to my old conviction that the history of France in modern times is the history of all Europe."

This view, which is reflected in all the works of Stuart Mill, is, in my judgment, a one-sidedness which can easily be accounted for by his ignorance of the German language and literature, and his undervaluation of the English situation, in which he, as a matter of course, was well able to detect the evils. He had visited France when he was very young; he told me he had passed his fifteenth year there, and had during that time learned all the French now at his command. As the French language was the only foreign tongue he spoke fluently and frequently (even though not without a strong English accent), and as through his whole life he had exerted himself to introduce French ideas into England, and to impart to his countrymen a love for the French national spirit, France necessarily represented to him Europe almost as though he were a native-born Frenchman.

Among all the Frenchmen whom Mill knew, Armand Carrel was, I believe, the one whom he held in the highest esteem. The essay he has written about this young French journalist is perhaps the most beautiful and the most overflowing with sentiment of anything he has written. In his great admiration for Armand Carrel, I find a partial explanation of his vehement antipathy to Sainte-Beuve. He could never forgive Sainte-Beuve for the fact that he, who had once been a collaborator of the "National," and a friend of Carrel, had become friendly to the Empire, and allowed himself to be elected senator. And yet this isolated fact was scarcely sufficient to warrant the hard words Mill dropped concerning Sainte-Beuve in my presence. Sainte-Beuve was distasteful to him for the same reason that Carrel so greatly pleased him. He had not thoroughly studied him; his "Port Royal," for instance, he had never read; but a mind with such keenness and such firmly rooted principles as Mill's, was naturally repelled by the pliant and undulating temperament of Sainte-Beuve. Stuart Mill was a man of almost metallic character, rigid, angular, and immovable; the spirit of Sainte-Beuve, on the contrary, was like a lake, broad, tender, elastic, and of great circumference, yet moving altogether in little ripples of an undefined and varying size. Therefore Stuart Mill was, as it were, created to be an authority; his tone was that of one accustomed to command, and even when his demeanor was the boldest, he seemed,

through the very conciseness and confidence with which he substantiated his results, to repulse every contradiction. Sainte-Beuve, on the contrary, never closed a subject entirely and without reservation; he was never quite catholic, nor quite romantic, nor quite imperial, nor quite a naturalist; one thing alone he was absolutely and entirely--Sainte-Beuve, in other words, the critic with feminine sympathy and ever-lurking scepticism. He was of the tiger race, yet was no tiger. He attached himself thoroughly to no one and to nothing, but he rubbed against everything, and the inevitable friction produced sparks. Mill's repugnance to him was like the antipathy of the dog for the cat. It was impossible for Sainte-Beuve to write simply; he could not pronounce a verdict without making it dependent on a whole system of subordinate conditions; he could not utter ever so brief a eulogy without spicing it with all kinds of malice. The greatest critic of France, after the death of Saint-Beuve, once said to me, "A laudatory sentence from Saint-Beuve is a veritable nest of leeches." Now, take in comparison the character of the mind and the whole style of Stuart Mill; his thoughts always on a grand scale, embracing the universal, allowing the individual to slip from notice; his diction unadorned, without artistic finish, naked as a landscape, whose sole beauty is the simplicity and power of the position of the land.

On one of the last days of my stay in London the conversation with Stuart Mill turned on the relation between literature and theatre in England and in France. He expressed the opinion, so common in our day, that the French who in the seventeenth century appropriated Spanish, in the eighteenth century English, and in the nineteenth century German ideas, in reality possess no other literary originality than that which lay in the form. Stuart Mill, whose mind was pretty much devoid of a sense of the purely æsthetic, and who cared more for the idea in art than for art itself as art, apparently did not realize that the poetic and artistic originality of the French would remain unaffected even by this undue limitation of its inventive genius; for where form and contents are inseparable, originality in form is identical with originality in general. Without permitting myself to touch on this point of view in my conversation with Mill, I merely replied, that one characteristic commonly held up as a reproach to the French,

their so-called superficiality, was most highly useful to them when they imitated, for their imitation is but a semblance. With a strong tendency to be influenced by everything foreign, the French unite an almost total lack of capacity to form an objective impression of the foreign; consequently the national stamp is always plainly recognizable beneath the thin coating of foreign gloss. By way of example, I mentioned Victor Hugo, as an imitator of Shakespeare, and Alfred de Musset, as an imitator of Byron. "However," I added, "I will heartily admit the superiority of English poetry to the French if you will reward me by conceding the superiority of French dramatic art over the English." I had the previous evening attended the performance at the Adelphi Theatre, of Molière's "Le malade imaginaire," under the title of "The Robust Invalid," and having very often seen the play in Paris, I had a fine opportunity to compare the English mode of acting with the French. The invalid and the servant-girl were allowed all manner of coarse exaggerations; they bawled aloud in the roughest conceivable way, even had the audacity to end the second act with a _cancan;_ and this while English prudery demanded that the scene with the syringe, and all expressions supposed to violate decency, should be omitted. "Yes," said Mill, "the theatre with us has fallen into decay. So far as the comedy is concerned, this may be accounted for by the fact that English nature is so devoid of form, and so untheatrical, and because our gestures are so stiff and so rare, while the French, even in their daily lives, always demean themselves like actors; yet in the direction of tragedy we can show some great names. Who knows, though, but that in our day reading may supplant theatre-going and compensate for it?"

He led the conversation from the theatre to English authors, and discussed with warmth two men as totally different from himself as Dickens and Carlyle. Thoroughly matter-of-fact as he was himself, he could appreciate as well as any one the poet with the great, warm heart, and the historian with the gushing, visionary imagination. Dickens was at that time just deceased; a few days previous to our conversation I had stood on the spot in Westminster Abbey where his body had but recently been laid to rest. His grave was still covered with living roses, while heavy, cold stone monuments covered the surrounding graves; it had the effect of a symbol. I communicated

my impression to Mill, who expressed deep regret that he had not known Dickens personally, and had only learned through others of his amiability in private intercourse.

The last words we exchanged concerned the directly impending Franco-German War, to which Mill looked forward with gloomy misgivings. He considered it a misfortune for all humanity, for the entire European civilization.

I gazed long into his deep, blue eyes, before I could prevail upon myself to bid him a final farewell. It was my earnest desire to imprint upon my mind this so earnest and so stem, yet at the same time so bold, countenance, with all its youthful freshness. I wished to render it impossible to me to forget the peculiar greatness stamped on the man's form and on his every word. It is of considerable importance in grasping the character of an author to learn in what relation the impression of his human disposition stands to that of his disposition as an author. I have never known a great man in whom these two impressions were so thoroughly harmonious as in Mill. I have never discovered any quality in him as an author that I have not rediscovered in my personal intercourse with him, and I have found his different characteristics in both spheres exalted above and subordinated to one another in precisely the same order and manner. There are authors in whose writings some definite quality--for instance, philanthropy, or wit, or dignity--plays a more prominent rôle than in their lives; others whose writings display not a trace of those qualities, such as humor or free humanity, which render them amiable in their private lives. Most authors are far inferior to their books. In Stuart Mill no such inequality existed, for he was the very incarnation of truthfulness. There occurs in Mill's "Autobiography" a situation which affords an opportunity of measuring the degree of this truthfulness. I have in mind his position when he, the social reformer, who was so far removed from all demagogism, at a meeting of electors, comprised chiefly of the working class, was asked if he had written and made public the statement that the working classes of England were, as a rule, liars. He answered at once, and briefly, "I did." "Scarcely," he adds, "were these two words out of my mouth, when vehement applause

resounded through the whole meeting. It was evident that the working people were so accustomed to expect equivocation and evasion from those who sought their suffrages, that when they found, instead of that, a direct avowal of what was likely to be disagreeable to them, instead of being affronted, they concluded at once that this was a person whom they could trust."

Mill gives the most modest interpretation of the proceeding, but the reader surmises what a halo of truthfulness must at that moment have hovered about him whose accusation of pervading falsehood was met with storms of applause from men spoiled by the flatteries of demagogues. In daily life, too, Mill bore that invisible nimbus of exalted love of truth. His whole being radiated with purity of character. It is needful to look back to the most sublime philosophic characters of antiquity, to Marcus Aurelius and his peers, if peers he has, to find a parallel to Mill. He was equally true and equally great, whether he addressed his maturely considered thought in some renowned work to a circle of readers spread over the whole globe, or whether, in his own home, without any assumption of superiority, he dropped an accidental remark to a chance visitor.

TURNING THIRTY

The Project Gutenberg EBook of **Seeing Things at Night**, by Heywood Broun

"Margaret Fuller's father was thirty-two when she was born," writes Katharine Anthony in her biography of the great feminist. "A self-made man, he had been obliged to postpone marriage and family life to a comparatively advanced age."

The paragraph came to us like a blow in the face. For years and years we had been going along buoyed up by the comments of readers who wrote in from time to time to say: "Of course, you are still a young man. You will learn better as you grow older." And now we find that we have grown

older. We have reached a comparatively advanced age, and the problem of whether or not we have learned better is present and persistent. It can no longer be put off as something which will work out all right in time.

"Some day," says the young man to himself, "I'm going to sit down and write a novel, or the great American drama, or an epic poem." Then some day comes and the young man finds that his joints are stiff and he can't sit down.

However, we are not quite prepared to admit that thirty-two is the deadline. It seemed old age to us for a long time. When we were reporting baseball the players used to call Roy Hartzell, over on third base, "the old man," because he was all of twenty-nine, and veterans of thirty were constantly dropping out because of advancing age and the pressure of recruits of nineteen and twenty. Yes, thirty-two was a comparatively advanced age at that time. But then we got on to plays and books, and Bernard Shaw was doing all the timely hitting in the pinches, and, to mix the metaphor, breaking loose and running the length of the field, putting a straight arm into the faces of all who would tackle him. De Morgan started to blaze at the age of fifty, and James Huneker was the keenest of all the critics to hail anything in any art which was new and hitherto unclassified. And he, too, wrote his first novel, *_Painted Veils_*, long after fifty. It was a novel which we did not like very much, but all its faults were those of youth. Some of it actually sophomoric. It was more like the work of F. Scott Fitzgerald than any living author. We felt that it was a first novel by a "promising" man, and thirty and twenty-nine and all those ages seemed to us mere verdant days in the hatchery.

We remember a sweet girl reporter going to Major General Sibert, commander of the First Division in its early days in France, and asking: "General, don't you think this is a young man's war?" Sibert grinned behind his gray mustache, and said: "When I was in West Point I used to bear in mind that Napoleon won some of his greatest victories while he was in his thirties, but now I find my attention turning more and more to the fact that Hindenburg is seventy-two and Joffre is seventy."

Time, we know, is fleeting, but there is always a little more left for the man who can look senility and destruction and all that sort of business straight in the eye and remark calmly, "I'm too busy this afternoon; drop around to-morrow." Thirty-two isn't a comparatively advanced age. Some day we are going to write that epic poem, and the novel, and the great American drama.

Turning to *The Art of Lawn Tennis*, by William Tilden, 2nd, we find the comforting information that "William A. Larned won the singles at past forty. Men of sixty are seen daily on the clubs' courts of England and America enjoying their game as keenly as any boy. It is to this game, in great measure, that they owe the physical fitness which enables them to play at their advanced age."

Yet after all this is not quite so comforting. We know one or two of these iron athletes who have outlived their generation and they are among the bores of the world. After one of them has captured the third set by dashing to the net and volleying your shot off at a sharp angle he invariably rubs it in by asking you to guess how old you think he is. We always answer, "Ninety-six," but there is no discouraging him or stopping him before he has gone on to tell you about breaking the ice in the tub for his morning plunge.

There is an unearthly air about these men whom God has forgotten. They are like those Prussian soldiers of Frederick who continued to stand after swords and bullets had gone through them and required the services of some one to go about the field and push them over so that they might be decently buried. There were men like that in one of the lands which Gulliver visited. They never died and probably they played a sharp game of tennis and later in the clubhouse they were accustomed to sit around and say how much better the actors used to be fifty years ago. Everybody hated them and stayed away from their company in droves.

No, we set no store of hope on being a sixty-year-old prodigy at lawn tennis. We dodder about the court already. We had just as soon be gray and bald and all the rest of it if only we can ever grow young enough to write a bold and slashing novel and be suppressed by Mr. Sumner.



POTTERY AND BASKET MAKING TRADITIONAL; ITS SYMBOLISM

The Project Gutenberg EBook of **The Unwritten Literature of the Hopi**, by Hattie Greene Lockett

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The art of pottery-making is a traditional one; mothers teach their daughters, even as their mothers taught them. There are no recipes for exact proportions and mixtures, no thermometer for controlling temperatures, no stencil or pattern set down upon paper for laying out the designs. The perfection of the finished work depends upon the potter's sense of rightness and the skill developed by practicing the methods of her ancestors with such variation as her own originality and ingenuity may suggest.

All the women of a pueblo community know how to make cooking vessels, at least, and in spare time they gather and prepare their raw materials, just as the Navajo woman has usually a blanket underway or the Apache a basket started. The same is true of Hopi basketry; its methods, designs, and symbolism are all a matter of memory and tradition.

From those who know most of Indian sacred and decorative symbols, we

learn that two main ideas are outstanding: desire for rain and belief in the unity of all life. Charms or prayers against drought take the form of clouds, lightning, rain, etc., and those for fertility are expressed by leaves, flowers, seed pods, while fantastic birds and feathers accompany these to carry the prayers. It may be admitted that the modern craftsman is often enough ignorant of the full early significance of the motifs used, but she goes on using them because they express her idea of beauty and because she knows that always they have been used to express belief in an animate universe and with the hope of influencing the unseen powers by such recognition in art.

The modern craftsman may even tell you that the once meaningful symbols mean nothing now, and this may be true, but the medicine men and the old people still hold the traditional symbols sacred, and this reply may be the only short and polite way of evading the troublesome stranger to whom any real explanation would be difficult and who would quite likely run away in the middle of the patient explanation to look at something else. Only those whose friendship and understanding have been tested will be likely to be told of that which is sacred lore. However, if the tourist insists upon having a story with his basket or pottery and the seller realizes that it's a story or no sale, he will glibly supply a story, be he Indian or white, both story and basket being made for tourist consumption.

To the old time Indian everything had a being or spirit of its own, and there was an actual feeling of sympathy for the basket or pot that passed into the hands of unsympathetic foreigners, especially if the object were ceremonial. The old pottery maker never speaks in a loud tone while firing her ware and often sings softly for fear the new being or spirit of the pot will become agitated and break the pot in trying to escape. Nampeo, the venerable Tewa potter, is said to talk to the spirits of her pots while firing them, adjuring them to be docile and not break her handiwork by trying to escape. But making things to sell is different--how could it be otherwise?

In one generation Indian craftsmen have come to be of two classes, those who make quantities of stuff for sale and those few who become real

artists, ambitious to save from oblivion the significance and idealism of the old art that was done for the glory of the gods. Indian art may survive with proper encouragement, but it must come now; after a while will be too late.

A notably fine example of such encouragement is the work of Mary Russell F. Colton of Flagstaff, Arizona, in the Hopi Craftsman Exhibition held annually at the Northern Arizona Museum of which she is art curator. At the 1931 Exhibition, 142 native Hopi sent in 390 objects. Over \$1500 worth of material was sold and \$200 awarded in prizes. The attendance total of visitors was 1,642. From this exhibit a representative collection of Hopi Art was assembled for the Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts at the Grand Central Galleries, New York City, in December of the same year. A gratifying feature of these annual exhibits is the fact that groups of Hopi come in from their reservation 100 miles away and modestly but happily move about examining and enjoying these lovely samples of their own best work and that of their neighbors; and they are quick to observe that it is the really excellent work that gets the blue ribbon, the cash prize, and the best sale.

Dr. Fewkes points out that while men invented and passed on the mythology of the tribe, women wrote it down in symbols on their handicrafts which became the traditional heritage of all.

The sand paintings made for special ceremonies on the floors of the various kivas, in front of the altars, are likewise designs carried only in the memory of the officiating priest and derived from the clan traditions. All masks and ceremonial costumes are strictly prescribed by tradition. The corn symbol is used on everything. Corn has always been the bread of life to the Hopi, but it has been more than food, it has been bound up by symbolism with his ideas of all fertility and beneficence. Hopi myths and rituals recognize the dependence of their whole culture on corn. They speak of corn as their mother. The chief of a religious fraternity cherishes as his symbol of high authority an ear of corn in appropriate wrappings said to have belonged to the society when it emerged from the underworld. The baby, when twenty days old, is dedicated to the sun and has an ear of corn tied to its breast.

THE LOUISVILLE TORNADO.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of **Great Disasters in the World's History**, by A. H. Godbey

“At eve along the calm resplendent west
I marked a cloud alive with fairy light,
So warmly pure, so sweetly, richly bright,
It seemed a spirit of ether, floating blest,
In its own happy empire! While possest
With admiration of the marvelous light,
Slowly its hues, opal and chrysolite,
Waned on the shadowy gloaming’s phantom breast.
The cloud became a terror, whose dark womb,
Throbbled with keen lightnings, by destruction hurled,
Red bolt on bolt, while a drear ominous gloom
Enveloped Nature: o’er the startled world--
A deep alarum--burst the thunder boom
And the swift Storm his coal-black wings unfurled!”

There is a perspective of news as well as of art, which requires that such features in a view as are supposed to be nearest to the observer must be given larger detail. It is a natural consequence of the fact that a small object near by may conceal from view a mountain in the distance.

So in the news world a dog run over on Washington avenue takes rank with a wreck in the Indian Ocean. A fight in a neighboring saloon gets ten inches: a strike in Germany ten lines. Your neighbor’s new barn is a good item for the county paper whose editor cares nothing for the new bank in Boston. The Widow Jones gets a puff for whitewashing her fence; the refitting of the White House gets a line. A million of people who have heard of George Washington, never heard of Alfred the Great.

Now, not a few will think that there is injustice in this. Doubtless the tendency of the time is to exaggerate perspective to obtain startling effects. Caricature is characteristic of the age. And yet, there was never before a time when so many people took interest in things that lay beyond their own narrow circle; even if that interest be from mere curiosity.

Sometimes this self-centered condition of humanity has an amusing aspect: as if one should imagine the earth terminated with his own apparent horizon. Some South Sea Islanders called the first white men who visited them, "sky-breakers." The reason is simple. Dwelling on their little islets, mere specks in the deep, and in all their myths and legends having no account of any other race, they supposed themselves to be the only people in the world. Their sky was a vast wall of blue stones raised by one of their mythical heroes. It shut in the world and could not be far away, though none of them had endeavored to reach it. So these strange white creatures were not of this world; neither were they of the race of the gods; they came from no one knew where, and had somehow broken through the blue wall that bounded the world. And white men are in some islands called "sky-breakers" to this day.

Something of the same spirit is manifested by the Chinese. The devil of their mythology is white. So our occidental sensibilities received quite a shock when we learned that we were "foreign devils." The Japanese more considerately called us "foreign beasts," as though uncertain of our status in the animal kingdom. And to this day our magnificent vessels are gravely styled "devil ships" by the Chinese.

Such are what might be appropriately styled ludicrous exaggerations of perspective. And we of the west are similarly so wrapped up in our self-sufficiency that it hardly occurs to us that we may appear as amusing to foreigners as they to us. In this respect our charity begins at home. It is the way of the world.

But there are a thousand occurrences that make us feel that the principle is just, no matter to what extremes we may foolishly carry it. It comes home to each with peculiar emphasis in the hour of distress.

The famine in Asia does not weigh upon you so heavily as the death of the woman who starved in the garret across the street. A fire that burns Chicago is easier forgotten than the one which destroys the little home that represents the savings of years of your life. The cholera in India has no such terrors for you as the diphtheria or scarlet fever in your own village. The Czar of Russia is blown to pieces in his carriage; but he has no remembrance at the bedside of your sick friend. Ten thousand dead victims of a distant earthquake are hidden by the coffin in your own home.

Since the same law applies to the interests of nations, it is not necessary, in reviewing the work of destructive tempests, to apologize for giving chief place to the recent Louisville tornado, however insignificant it may appear in comparison with scores of others that have desolated the earth in days gone by. The latter shall be noticed in due time.

In the foregoing chapter we have seen that the great cyclones that occasionally visit us originate in the neighborhood of the Antilles. Of course, similar conditions may produce smaller storms of the same class in numerous localities. These small storms whose paths are but a few yards, or sometimes as much as a mile in diameter, are called, to distinguish them from the great cyclone of twenty to two hundred miles in diameter, by the Portuguese title of *_tornados_*, or "turning-storms." Often the broken character of the country will cause a large gathering storm to break up into half a dozen or more of the smaller ones, which, in their narrow paths are as destructive as the cyclone.

It is the unexpected that happens. No one experiences so many surprises, or has more pet beliefs upset than that oracle of the chimney-corner, the oldest inhabitant. It was long believed that tornadoes never passed over an old Indian camp ground. Whatever the popular opinion of savage intellect, there is marvelous confidence in his instinct. Again, it was thought a tornado never would pass over a large city. The storm in question demolished both these "olde wyves' tales."

During March 27th, 1890, the Signal Service Department observed a

threatening storm center gather in the southwestern portion of Wyoming, and start eastward with great rapidity. Notice was promptly given. Railway, telegraph and electric light officials were warned that on Thursday night a hurricane would blow with a speed of at least fifty miles an hour. Signal Service predictions had sometimes failed, and this last one excited no particular concern. The destroyer came and was gone in two minutes; and blocks on blocks of Louisville were a ghastly ruin.

The tornado was accompanied by a cloud and tremendous rain. To an observer at the Falls, the cloud was seen to come up the gap between the hills which guard the banks of the beautiful Ohio. He described it as "balloon-shaped, twisting an attenuated tail to the earth. It emitted a constant fusillade of lightning, and seemed to be composed of a lurid, snake-like mass of electric currents, whose light would sometimes be extinguished for a few moments, making an almost intolerable darkness. It was accompanied by a fearful roar, like that of a thousand trains crossing the big bridge at once. It could be seen to strike Louisville, and then with incredible rapidity it leaped the river, churning it into white foam as it went toward the Indiana shore."

The streets of Louisville parallel to the river are named; those at right angles are numbered from east to west. The section visited may be described as a rectangle a mile square, bounded on the west by Eighteenth street, on the east by Seventh, on the south by Broadway, and on the north by the Ohio river. It comprehends the business portion of the city. Through this district the cyclone swept diagonally from southwest to northeast, crossing the river and leaving the city at the foot of Seventh street. The business houses or residences of perhaps 10,000 people lay in its path.

Two days after the storm, when there had been time for a calm survey, its track is thus described by a correspondent of the Associated Press:

"It first descended upon the beautiful little suburb of Parkland, southwest of the city, destroying many private residences. The loss of life was inconsiderable at this initial point, however. Rushing onward toward the northwest it lifted for a moment above the trees and

housetops, and descended again a mile further on at Maple and Eighteenth streets. From this on its pathway is clearly marked. At no time did the base of the funnel touch the ground, and one hundred feet higher in the air, it would have passed by without doing comparatively much damage.

“The ruins as they now are often show the first, and even the second and third stories of buildings still intact, with the roofs and higher stories swept away except in places where the debris from the upper floors crushed in the lower, and brought the walls down to the ground in total collapse. From Maple and Eighteenth streets it went northward one block, then west at an angle another block; and then curving to the northeast as far as Magazine and Thirteenth streets. A quick change to the north is perceptible here, and after traveling in that direction two blocks, another turn to the west. An acute angle was then made, the line turning from Fifteenth street northeast to Thirteenth street again; thence, due east to Tenth street, and north a block to Market street. At Thirteenth and Jefferson streets it swept through Baxter Park, doing great damage, and a block eastward destroyed St. John’s Episcopal Church, in the rectory of which the Rev. S. E. Barnwell and his little son were crushed and burned to death, the rest of the family escaping.

“St. John’s Church is in the street immediately in the rear of the ill-fated Falls City Hall. The eccentric monster went on eastward past the Falls City Hall without touching it, and then, as if suddenly recollecting, it swept around the block and started westward on the south side of Market street. Had the change of direction been made a trifle sooner or later Falls City Hall would have escaped, and the dead been numbered within thirty or forty at the most.

“As if satisfied with the work accomplished, it turned north again and struck Main street. This thoroughfare is the principal business street in the city. It runs parallel with the river from east to west, and but a block south of it. It is lined with wholesale houses, and was the solidest part of the city in point of architecture.

“The tornado reached Main street at Twelfth, and then shaped its course

directly east down the middle of the broad street, sweeping away the solid stores and warehouses on both sides. From Twelfth to Seventh streets on Main it is a wholesaling district, and it was practically untenanted at that hour. Had the storm come in the daytime and taken the same direction, hundreds who were at their houses and escaped unhurt would have been killed.

“At Seventh street and Main the buildings change in their character. The big Louisville Hotel is on Main between Sixth and Seventh, and east of the hotel are restaurants, saloons and other hotels which contained thousands of people at that hour. The tornado chased down Main street, carrying everything before it, passing Eleventh street, Tenth, Ninth, Eighth, and Seventh. A block further and the Louisville Hotel, with its hundreds of tenants, would have been reached. The escape of the hotel is the strangest incident of all. Adjoining it on the west, from whence the storm came, was a three-story building used as a saloon on the first floor, and occupied in the upper stories as sleeping apartments for the hotel servants. This three-story building, right under the east wall of the hotel, was totally demolished and not a timber left a dozen feet higher than the ground. Its inmates were killed. The great hotel shook from roof to cellar with the force of the shock, but it was spared.

“The storm veered at the sharpest kind of an angle to the north again, crossed Main street, and struck for the river, taking in the Union Depot on the way. Strange to say, although the depot was totally demolished, only one person was killed there. At the point where the tornado crossed the river, between New Albany and Jeffersonville, it is supposed several small crafts were sunk.

“Reaching the opposite bank of the river, the storm turned to the east again and took off a bite from Jeffersonville. It went along Front street for a few blocks, damaging buildings, but causing no loss of life. Then it took to the river and struck the Kentucky shore about four miles east of where it left it, and outside of the city of Louisville. At this exact spot is located the Louisville pumping works, which supplies the whole city with water.

“The pumping works were destroyed, and the city is now threatened with a water famine in consequence. The next heard of the peculiar course taken by the tornado is from Eminence, Ky., about forty miles east of Louisville, which was badly damaged by the storm. The intervening country may have suffered somewhat, but no other towns were visited, and from Eminence the destroyer probably took a final leave of the earth’s surface and passed on to the Atlantic Coast at a higher and less dangerous altitude.”

This outline seems to show how easily the course of a storm is modified by the irregularities of surface, even when the obstacles are such as it can overcome. It is seen that the course of a small storm over broken country, little resembles the steady curve of the storm in the open sea. Ever and anon, the obstacles below momentarily break the regular current, which is as often renewed in a moment by the powerful upward suction in the upper air. This is the phenomenon known as “jumping,” which may be repeated till the widening of the center leaves the storm too weak to promptly restore the current at the ground, and the danger from the tornado is over. Some of the apparent eccentricities in the city, are doubtless due to the fact that occasional buildings were strong enough to resist; and leaving such at slight variations in its course, made it present the appearance of doubling on its track.

So many blocks of buildings, great and small, in an instant violently hurled to pieces, would seem to infer with certainty the death of nearly all the occupants. That only about a hundred should have been killed outright, was therefore a matter of astonishment no less than of gratitude. The terror and anguish of the first moments or hours could not, however, be measured by the actual calamity to human life. Members of households suddenly separated from each other in the darkness, could only fear the worst.

Their startled imagination saw the missing one dead or dying under the huge piles of fallen buildings. There were excited cries and calls and wailing of the living; a mad rush and frantic tugging at the ruins, from beneath which were sometimes heard shrieks for help or groans of the dying. To add to the universal terror, fires broke out in many places,

threatening imprisoned wretches with a fate more horrible than the crush of falling walls, or timbers, bricks or iron, hurtling through the air. Before help could reach them the flames took hold on some and hushed their cries forever. Fortunately, the fire-alarm connections were left intact, and as alarm after alarm was sent, there was a dashing of the engines to the rescue, and the whole fire-department was presently engaged in extinguishing the flames, or recovering the living and the dead. Hospitals and morgues were suddenly improvised in sheds or shops, where the wounded were cared for, or the dead were deposited to await the recognition or claim of the living.

Falls City Hall was the theatre of the principal loss of life. It was a brick building fronting on Market between Eleventh and Twelfth. The ground-floor had long been used as a market, and contained forty or fifty stalls of gardeners and butchers. These stalls were closed and the keepers were absent at the hour of the disaster. In front on the second floor were three small rooms, one of them utilized as an office, the other two as toilet rooms. Behind these was a large hall, and in the rear of this still another hall, in which a young lady, her father, brother and sister being present, was teaching a dancing school. There might have been sixty-five persons in this room, though one witness says twenty-eight. In one of the small rooms seven men, constituting the Executive Committee of the Roman Knights, was holding a business meeting. In another room a band of musicians, fifteen in number, were going through a rehearsal. Some decorators were at work in the large hall, preparing it for some coming occasion. On the third floor were assembled the Jewel Lodge No. 2 of the Knights and Ladies of Honor, with an attendance of a hundred or more. In an adjoining hall the Humboldt Lodge No. 146 of I. O. O. F. with seventeen members was in session. The whole number of people in the building must have been nearly or quite two hundred. In an instant the fearful wrench of the cyclone had twisted the building into fragments, and tumbled it in shapeless ruin upon the inmates.

Ten minutes after the collapse might have been seen a frantic multitude hastily gathering from all quarters, among them many women clutching vainly with their fingers at the slate roof, and madly tearing at the

wreck beneath which the imprisoned and wounded were crying for help. Presently, fire broke out, but it was happily extinguished. The work of rescue was now organized and speedily set in motion, but an hour elapsed before the first victim was extricated. This was a lady, found sitting upright with bruised head and broken arm. She told of her vain effort to escape, and of the position in which she had last seen her companions. Meanwhile, some were digging in the center of the debris in answer to a voice which grew fainter and fainter until it was hushed forever. The work of rescue was now shifted to the other end of the pile.

James Hassen was foremost among the workers, and on reaching the hall room of the Knights and Ladies, he took from the ruins the first body, which proved to be that of his wife, and who expired in his arms. He gently laid his dead wife aside, and hurried again to aid in recovering the rest. Presently, ten women were reached, clasped in each others arms--all dead but one. The dancing room was reached. One lady was taken out fatally hurt, and one after another her three children, unconscious, but destined to recover. While her husband was urging the rescue of his fourth child, still somewhere beneath the ruins, an under-current of air having been admitted, the fire again broke out with startling fierceness, and the furious heat compelled a suspension of the work. The groans of the imprisoned were now changed to fearful shrieks, while the watchers, helpless to render aid, screamed and ran wildly about with anxiety and horror. Three or four lines of hose were turned upon the flames, and they were subdued; but an hour, in which probably many a life went out, had been lost from the work. By twelve o'clock many dead and wounded had been removed from the ruins. The dead were largely in the majority. Many of these exhibited no outward wounds, and had been apparently suffocated by gas escaping from broken pipes.

But the reader may be spared further details of the recovery at Falls City Hall. Suffice it to say, that two days were required to remove the wreck and demonstrate the precise extent of the calamity. On this spot, about eighty persons had lost their lives.

The narratives of some of the survivors will serve to show that while

the tornado comes without warning, the heaviest wind is not just at first: and a cool head may sometimes profit by the interval to escape. Sailors have a saying that the “tail” of a gale is strongest. A young man who was taken from the wreck of the hall says:

“I was dancing when a flash of lightning, followed by a crash, made me think that the lightning had struck some part of the rear of the building. The next moment, the big doors that enter into the big hall in front flew open. I continued dancing, and cried to some of the boys to close the doors. They did so, and were bolting them, when they were again forced open with such force as to knock down everybody around them. Then the window sashes were blown in, and the building commenced rocking. I saw that the house was about to fall, and I hallooed: ‘The walls will go next.’ I ran to the dressing-room, and I think most of the girls followed me. I got under a table and held fast to the legs, thinking that I might be saved in that way. Then the walls began crumbling, and the lights went out, and the floor descended like an elevator. The crash stunned me for a moment, but finally a flash of lightning showed me a hole in the debris, through which I might have crawled had not my leg been pinioned between some timbers. There were people all around me, and they were crying for help; but there was no one to aid us. I tugged and strained, but I could not get loose. Finally, I heard my father’s voice, and answered him; and directly he crawled down the hole. It took him three-quarters of an hour to extricate me, and then we both crawled out. If there had been help at once, we might have saved others, as I knew about where they all were, but they were more or less hurt.”

That less than half of those in the building should have been killed is a matter of wonder. The manner of individual escapes can only be inferred from one or two more which we subjoin.

One of the lady members of the lodge of the Knights and Ladies of Honor relates:

“I went to attend the lodge meeting and when all were present the calamity came. There must have been about seventy-five people in the

room at the time of the tornado. None of them were able to get out before the building fell in. The first intimation we had of what was coming was the flash of lightning and the beating of hail against the windows. The wind howled, and I heard a fearful roaring noise. The people became frightened, and hurriedly gathered their wraps together. All were fearful of impending danger.

“Just at this moment I saw a round hole blown through the wall, immediately above one of the windows. The gas went out and then I saw another large round hole appear in the roof. Through this I saw the lightning play with awful grandeur. This natural light was all that relieved the gloom and darkness. I heard one of the trustees of the lodge call out to all the people to go out quickly and in a body. He cried out not to rush, as some one would be killed if they did. Then I knew no more until I became conscious, and found that I was partially imbedded in bricks and timbers. I felt blood running down my neck and became aware that I had been struck on the head by a brick or timber. I extricated myself, and by the flashes of lightning made my way over the terrible mass of debris and dead bodies toward the front. I saw a man making his way down the pile of bricks to the street, and I followed. When I reached the sidewalk I was aided to a neighboring store by a lodge trustee. I don’t know how he made his way out. I heard cries for help as I came out, but I had barely strength to move, and could not help the others.”

A thrilling experience was that of another member of the same lodge. His estimate of the attendance, larger than the foregoing, is yet materially exceeded by others. He says:

“The first intimations of danger we had were two distinct rockings of the building, about which time a dormer window in the lodge room was blown from its casings, and immediately after the plastering began to drop from the ceiling. A wild rush was made for the ante-room, which carried me with it, and I had just reached the door when

the entire floor gave way, and we were precipitated to the basement, blinded and almost suffocated by a cloud of dust, and crushed and jammed

by falling timbers. In some way the doorframe fell with me and maintained an upright position when it stopped, and I was enabled to extricate myself from the debris and make an exit to the street through an adjoining house, whose doors I kicked in. Meanwhile, the shrieks and groans of those still imprisoned by the wreck formed a chorus that, in connection with the howling of the storm, made my very heart sick. I was, so far as hasty examination went, comparatively uninjured, and at once returned over the ruins with several men to the rear of the place and extinguished a fire that had begun to blaze fiercely. By this time the rain was falling in torrents, and it was difficult for those who had gathered from the neighborhood, or who had been as lucky as I was to escape with life, to tell where to begin the work of rescue.

“The vivid lightning flashes only gave momentary views of the position of the ruins, and blinded everybody. Among those whom I saw and recognized as having escaped from Jewel lodge I can name only the treasurer, who was covered with dust, drenched with rain and well-nigh distracted by the probable fate of her aged father, who had attended the lodge meeting with her and who was still in the ruins. The entire building collapsed in front and rear, and of the east and west side walls nothing was standing above the second story.

“So far as I could judge when I had succeeded in escaping, there were less than a dozen, all told, who got out unhurt; and the cries for help and groans that issued from the broken and twisted heap was proof that scores were still there, unable to escape.”

The Union Depot was utterly demolished. An officer of the Louisville Southern Road relates the story:

“Quite a crowd of people were present waiting for trains. Mr. Woodard, of the Monon Railroad, was near me, and I had been talking to him. The wind was blowing strong, and seemed to increase in power. We heard a dull moaning in the distance, and the glass in the windows of the depot was shattered, although the first puff was merely the advance guard of the tornado. The people became alarmed. One man started to rush into the ticket office, but the ticket-seller pushed him back. Mr. Woodard and I

also started for the ticket office. Just at this moment the tornado, like a clap of thunder, struck the depot.

“The building gave way and tumbled in upon us. I was just at the door of the ticket office when it went down. I fell, and a man standing near me fell across me. A heavy girder fell on top of him. Mr. Woodard was only a few feet away. I never lost consciousness. I spoke to Mr. Woodard and he replied. We both thought we could get out alive if the depot did not catch fire. I knew that there had been stoves with fire burning in them in the depot before the tornado struck it, and I expected the flames to break out at every moment.

“I spoke to the man who was lying across me and told him that he must manage to squeeze from under the girder. I thought that if he was off me I could manage to get out. After many desperate efforts he managed to get from under the girder, but in doing so his bowels were torn so terribly that the doctors do not think he can recover. He was a brakeman, who had come here to be a witness in some case. I do not remember his name.

“After the brakeman got off me, I was able to use my strength. Then I got out, and so did Mr. Woodard. I was under the wreck just thirty-five minutes. I was slightly bruised in the arm and leg, but that amounts to nothing.”

Though forty or fifty persons were in the depot at the time, only one, a restaurant boy, was killed; Twenty-one passenger coaches were more or less wrecked. On following days the impression of the ruins upon the beholder was peculiarly gloomy. Instead of the stir of life, the brilliancy of electric lights, the scream of whistles and the rumbling of trains, there was a scattered wreck, and comparative silence. A few chickens, liberated from their coop, crept at dusk to roost on a timber, and in subdued tones seemed to be discussing with each other the mournful situation.

THE EMERGENCE OF MR. GANDHI

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Before this great statute could be brought into operation, and even whilst Parliament was still laboriously evolving it, a strange and incalculable figure was coming to the forefront in India, who, favoured by an extraordinary combination of untoward circumstances, was to rally round him some of the most and many of the least reputable forces which, sometimes under new disguises, the old and passive civilisation of India is instinctively driven to oppose to the disintegrating impact upon it of the active and disturbing energies of Western civilisation. Saint and prophet in the eyes of the multitude of his followers--saint in the eyes even of many who have not accepted him as a prophet--Mr. Gandhi preaches to-day under the uninspiring name of "Non-co-operation," a gospel of revolt none the less formidable because it is so far mainly a gospel of negation and retrogression, of destruction not construction. Mr. Gandhi challenges not only the material but the moral foundations of British rule. He has passed judgment upon both British rule and Western civilisation, and, condemning both as "Satanic," his cry is away with the one and with the other, and "back to the Vedas," the fountain source of ancient Hinduism. That he is a power in the land none can deny, least of all since the new Viceroy, Lord Reading, almost immediately on his arrival in India, spent long hours in close conference with him at Simla. What manner of man is Mr. Gandhi, whom Indians revere as a Mahatma, _i.e._ an inspired sage upon whom the wisdom of the ancient Rishis has descended? What is the secret of his power?

Born in 1869 in a Gujarat district in the north of the Bombay Presidency, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi comes of very respectable Hindu parentage, but does not belong to one of the higher castes. His father, like others of his forebears, was Dewan, or chief administrator, of one of the small native States of Kathiawar. He himself was brought up for the Bar and, after receiving the usual English education in India, completed his studies in England, first as an undergraduate of the London University and then at the Inner Temple. His friend and biographer, Mr. H.S.L. Polak, tells us that his mother, whose religious

example and influence made a lasting impression upon his character, held the most orthodox Hindu views, and only agreed to his crossing "the Black Water" to England after exacting from him a three-fold vow, which he faithfully kept, of abstinence from flesh, alcohol, and women. He returned to India as soon as he had been called to the Bar and began to practise as an advocate before the Bombay High Court, but in 1893, as fate would have it, he was to be called to South Africa in connection with an Indian legal case in Natal. In South Africa he was brought at once into contact with a bitter conflict of rights between the European population and the Indian settlers who had originally been induced to go out and work there at the instance of the white communities who were in need of cheap labour for the development of the country. The Europeans, professing to fear the effects of a large admixture of Asiatic elements, had begun not only to restrict further Indian immigration, but to place the Indians already in South Africa under many disabilities all the more oppressive because imposed on racial grounds. Natal treated them harshly, but scarcely as harshly as the Transvaal, then still under Boer government. In the Transvaal the Imperial Government took up the cudgels for them, and the treatment of the Indian settlers there was one of the grievances pressed by Lord Milner during the negotiations which preceded the final rupture with the Boer Republics. When the South African war broke out Mr. Gandhi believed that it would lead to a generous recognition of the rights of Indians if they at once identified their cause with that of the British, and he induced Government to accept his offer of an Indian Ambulance Corps which did excellent service in the field. Mr. Gandhi himself served with it, was mentioned in despatches, and received the war medal. His health gave way, and he returned to India in 1901 where he resumed practice in Bombay with no intention of returning to South Africa, as he felt confident that when the war was over the Imperial Government would see to it that the Indians should have the benefit of the principles which it had itself proclaimed before going into the war. He was, however, induced to return in 1903 to help in preparing the Indian memorials to be laid before Mr. Chamberlain whose visit was imminent in connection with the work of reconstruction. On his arrival he found that conditions and European opinion were becoming more instead of less unfavourable for Indians, and though in 1906, when the native rebellion broke out in Natal, he again offered and

secured the acceptance of an Indian Stretcher-Bearer Corps with which he again served and received the thanks of the Governor, he gradually found himself driven into an attitude of more and more open opposition and even conflict with Government by a series of measures imposing more and more intolerable restraints upon his countrymen. It was in 1906 that he first took a vow of passive resistance to a law which he regarded as a deliberate attack upon their religion, their national honour, and their racial self-respect. In the following year he was consigned, not for the first time, to jail in Pretoria, but his indomitable attitude helped to bring about a compromise. It was, however, short-lived, as misunderstandings occurred as to its interpretation. The struggle broke out afresh until another provisional settlement promised to lead to a permanent solution, when Mr. Gokhale, after consultation with the India Office during a visit to England, was induced in 1912 to proceed to South Africa and use his good offices in a cause which he had long had at heart. Whether, as Mr. Gokhale himself always contended, as a deliberate breach of the promise made to him by the principal Union Ministers, or as the result of a lamentable misunderstanding, measures were again taken in 1913 which led Mr. Gandhi to renew the struggle, and it assumed at once a far more serious character than ever before. It was then that Mr. Gandhi organised his big strikes of Indian labour and headed the great strikers' march of protest into the Transvaal which led to the arrest and imprisonment of the principal leaders and of hundreds of the rank and file. The furious indignation aroused in India, the public meetings held in all the large centres, and the protest entered by the Viceroy himself, Lord Hardinge, in his speech at Madras, combined with earnest representations from Whitehall, compelled General Smuts to enter once more the path of conciliation and compromise. As the result of a Commission of Inquiry the Indians' Relief Act was passed, and in the correspondence between Mr. Gandhi and General Smuts the latter undertook on behalf of the South African Government to carry through other administrative reforms not actually specified in the new Act. Mr. Gandhi returned to India just after the outbreak of the Great War, and the Government of India marked its appreciation of the great services which he had rendered to his countrymen in South Africa by recommending him for the Kaisar-i-Hind gold medal, which was conferred upon him amongst the New Year honours of 1915.

The South African stage of Mr. Gandhi's career is of great importance, as it goes far to explain both the views and the methods which he afterwards applied in India. He brought back with him from South Africa a profound distrust of Western civilisation, of which he had unquestionably witnessed there some of the worst aspects, and also a strong belief in the efficacy of passive resistance as the most peaceful means of securing the redress of all Indian grievances in India as well as in South Africa should they ever become in his opinion unendurable. Mr. Gokhale, before he died, obtained a promise from him that for at least a year he would not attempt to give practical expression to the extreme views which he had already set forth in the proscribed pamphlet ‘Hind Swaraj’. At an early age Mr. Gandhi had fallen under the spell of Tolstoian philosophy, and he has admitted only quite recently that for a time he was so much impressed with the doctrines of Christ that he was inclined to adopt Christianity; but the further study of the spiritual side of Hinduism convinced him that in it alone the key of salvation could be found, and all his teachings since then have been based on his faith in the superiority of the Indian civilisation rooted in Hinduism to Western civilisation, which for him in fact represents in its present stage only a triumph of gross materialism and brute force. Nevertheless, when the Great War broke out, he was prepared to believe that the ordeal of war in the cause of freedom for which Britain had taken up arms might lead to the redemption of Western civilisation from its worst evils, and whilst in London on his way to South Africa he had already offered to form, and to enrol himself and his wife in, an Indian Volunteer Ambulance Corps. Yet he was not blind to the flaws of the civilisation for which he stood. He conducted a temperance campaign amongst his countrymen in South Africa, and, brought there into close contact with many Indians of the "untouchable" castes, he revolted against a system which tried to erect such insurmountable barriers between man and man. Perhaps the best clue to the many contradictions in which his activities have continually seemed to involve him was furnished by himself when he said, "Most religious men I have met are politicians in disguise; I, however, who wear the guise of a politician am at heart a religious man," and the doctrine which he holds of all others to be the corner-stone of his religion is that of ‘Ahimsa’, which, as he has

described it, "requires deliberate self-suffering, not the deliberate injuring of the wrongdoer," in the resistance of evil.

Throughout the war Mr. Gandhi devoted his ceaseless energies chiefly to preaching social reforms and the moral regeneration of his countrymen. He was then an honoured guest at European gatherings, as for instance at the Madras Law dinner in 1915, at various conferences on education, at the Bombay Provincial Co-operative Conference in 1917 when in connection with the admirable Co-operative Credit movement in India he lectured on the moral basis of co-operation, at missionary meetings in which he showed his intimate familiarity with the gospels by reverently quoting Christ's words in support of his own plea for mutual forbearance and tolerance. As late as July 1918 he defined Swaraj as partnership in the Empire, and war service as the easiest and straightest way to win Swaraj, inviting the people of his own Gujarat country whom he was addressing to wipe it free of the reproach of effeminacy by contributing thousands of Sepoys in response to the Viceroy's recent appeal for fresh recruits for the Indian army at one of the most critical moments during the war. His comments about the same time on the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme were by no means unfavourable, and he specifically joined in the tribute of praise bestowed upon the Indian Civil Service for their steadfast devotion to duty and great organising ability. Government itself resorted to his services as the member of a Commission appointed to inquire into agrarian troubles at Camparan, and his collaboration was warmly welcomed by his European colleagues. Nor were there any signs of implacable hostility to British rule in his vigorous protests in the following year against the anti-Asiatic legislation of the South African Union which was again stirring up bad feeling in India.

The circumstances which drove him to declare war against British rule and Western civilisation arose out of the action taken by Government on the report of the "Sedition Committee," which, under the presidency of Mr. Justice Rowlatt, a judge of the High Court of King's Bench, sent out especially to preside over it, had not only carefully explored the origins and growth of political crime during the great wave of unrest after the Partition of Bengal, but recommended that in some directions the hands of the executive and judicial authorities should be

strengthened to cope with any fresh outbreaks of a similar character. The Committee pointed out that in spite of the preventive legislation of 1911 it had become apparent before the war broke out that the forces of law and order were still inadequately equipped to cope with the situation in Bengal. For the duration of the war the Defence of India Act had conferred upon Government emergency powers which had enabled the authorities summarily to intern a large number of those who were known to be closely connected with the criminal propaganda, but almost as soon as the war was over their release would follow automatically upon the expiry of the Defence Act, and a dangerous situation would arise again if Government had nothing but the old methods of procedure to fall back upon.

In January 1919 the Government of India announced that legislation in conformity with the recommendations of the Sedition Committee would be required from the Imperial Legislative Council, and two draft bills were published, one of them embodying permanent alterations in the law and the other arming the Executive with emergency powers. The publication of these bills threw the country into a fresh ferment of agitation, and even an Indian judge of undeniably moderate views, Sir Narain Chandavarkar, declared that such measures were no longer required, as with the advent of constitutional reforms revolutionary agitation would, he believed, cease, and, as a warm supporter of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, he felt bound to protest against legislation so entirely at variance with the spirit in which the Report had been conceived and with the expectations which it had aroused. The Extremists read into the bills another proof of the organised hypocrisy characteristic of British rule in general and of the Report in particular, and denounced them as a monstrous engine of tyranny and oppression, against which no Indian would be safe. Government, however, was not to be moved from its determination, and in explaining the necessity for proceeding with the bills the Viceroy pointed out in his opening speech that "the reaction against all authority that had manifested itself in many parts of the civilised world was unlikely to leave India entirely untouched and the powers of evil were still abroad." The Indian non-official members, on the other hand, were solid in opposition, and even those who did not challenge the report of the

Sedition Committee intimated that now the war was over they could not acquiesce in such measures until the reforms had come into operation, and unless it was then found that revolutionary forces were still at work and constituted a real public danger. The two amendments, supported by all the Indian non-official members, were voted down by the official _bloc_. Government did something to allay opposition by agreeing that the Act which was to have been permanent should operate for three years only, and the title of the bill was amended to show clearly that its application would be confined to clearly anarchical and revolutionary crimes. It was further modified in form in the committee stage, but the opposition within the Council remained unmoved, and outside the Council grew more and more fierce. The Extremists who had shrunk from no efforts to misrepresent the purpose of the bills received a great accession of strength when Mr. Gandhi instituted the vow of _Satyagraha_, or passive resistance, under which, if the bills became law, he and his followers would "severally refuse to obey these laws and such other laws as a committee to be thereafter appointed might see fit," whilst they would "faithfully follow the truth and refrain from violence to life, person, or property." The Moderate leaders at Delhi at once issued a manifesto condemning _Satyagraha_, but Government stuck to its guns, the bills being finally passed on March 18, after very hot discussion. Mr. Gandhi, having formed his committee, proclaimed a _Hartal_, _i.e._ a demonstrative closing of shops and suspension of business for March 30. This _Hartal_ at Delhi started a terrible outbreak which spread with unexpected violence over parts of the Bombay Presidency and the greater part of the Punjab, with sporadic disturbances in the North-West Frontier Province, and even in Calcutta.

The Delhi _Hartal_ brought for the first time into full relief the close alliance into which the Mahomedan Extremists had been brought with the Hindu Extremists, as well as the influence which both had acquired over a considerable section of the lower classes in the two communities. The political leaders had fallen into line in the Indian National Congress and the All-India Moslem League during the 1916 and 1917 sessions, when they united in demanding Home Rule for India, and they had united since then in rejecting as totally inadequate the scheme of reforms foreshadowed in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. But not till towards the

conclusion of the war did the Mahomedan Extremists discover a special grievance for their own community in the peace terms likely to be imposed upon a beaten Turkey. That was a grievance far more likely to appeal to their co-religionists than the political grievances which had formed the stock-in-trade of Hindu Extremism, if they could be worked upon to believe that Great Britain and her allies were plotting not merely against the temporal power of the Ottoman Empire, but against the Mahomedan religion all over the world by depriving the Sultan of Turkey of the authority essential to the discharge of his office as Khalif or spiritual head of Islam.

The agitation was at first very artificial, for the bulk of Indian Mahomedans had until recent years known very little about and taken still less interest in Turkey, and their loyalty had never wavered during the war. Some of the leading Indian Mahomedans had indeed openly disputed Sultan Abdul Hamid's claim to the Khalifate of Islam when he first tried at the end of the last century to import his Pan-Islamic propaganda into India. But the long delay on the part of the Allies in formulating their Turkish peace terms allowed time for the movement to grow and to carry with it the more fanatical element amongst Indian Mahomedans. The Government of India tried in vain to allay Mahomedan feeling by receiving deputations from the _Khilafat_ Association founded to prosecute an intensified campaign in favour of Turkey, and professing its own deep anxiety to procure what it called "a just peace with Turkey," for which the Indian delegates to the War and to the Peace Conferences in Europe had been constantly instructed to plead. The greatest success which the _Khilafat_ agitators achieved was when Mr. Gandhi allowed himself to be persuaded by them that the movement was a splendid manifestation of religious faith, as he himself described it to me. For, once satisfied that the cause which they had taken up was a religious cause, he was prepared to make it his own without inquiring too closely into its historical or political justification. For him it became a revolt of the Mahomedan religious conscience against the tyranny of the West just as legitimate as the revolt of the Hindu conscience against the same tyranny embodied in the Rowlatt Acts. Whilst Mahomedans proved their emancipation from narrow sectarianism by joining in the _Satyagraha_ movement of passive resistance in spite of the Hindu

character impressed upon it by its Sanscrit name, it was, he declared, for Hindus to show that they, too, could rise above ancient prejudice and resentment by throwing themselves heart and soul into the _Khilafat_ movement. Both movements were to be demonstrations of the "soul-force" of India, to be put forth in passive resistance according to his favourite doctrine of _Ahimsa_, the endurance and not the infliction of suffering.

But Mr. Gandhi, with all his visionary idealism, was letting loose dangerous forces which recked naught of _Ahimsa_. Hindus and Mahomedans "fraternised" at the Delhi _Hartal_ in attempts to compel its observance by violence which obliged the authorities to use forcible methods of repression, and of the five rioters who were killed two were Mahomedans. These deaths were skilfully exploited by the Extremists of both denominations, and a day of general mourning for the Delhi "martyrs" was appointed. The spark had been laid to the train, and Hindus and Mahomedans continued to "fraternise" in lawlessness, arson, and murder wherever the mob ran riot. Systematic attempts to destroy railways and telegraphs at the same moment in widely separated areas pointed to the existence of a carefully elaborated organisation. Public buildings as well as European houses were burnt down in half a dozen places, and Europeans were often savagely attacked and done to death, nowhere more savagely than at Amritsar, where five Europeans, two of them Bank managers, were killed with the most fiendish brutality, and a missionary lady, known for her good works, barely escaped with her life. The authorities were not slow to take stern measures. Troops were rapidly moved to the centres of disturbance, flying columns were sent through the country, and armoured cars and trains and aeroplanes were used to disperse the rioters. A Resolution issued by the Government of India on April 14 asserted its determination to use all the powers vested in it to put down "open rebellion" even by the most drastic means. By the end of the month the Viceroy was able to announce that order had been generally restored, though in some places there was still considerable effervescence.

Had the measures taken, however stern, been confined to the repression of actual violence and to the punishment of the guilty, the reaction

produced amongst the great majority of Indians by the atrocities which Indian mobs had committed, and the appalling spirit of lawlessness which inspired them, would probably have been at least as great as the impression which they at first made upon Mr. Gandhi himself, who suddenly recognised and admitted that he had underrated the "forces of evil" and advised his disciples to co-operate, as he himself had done at Ahmedabad, with Government in the restoration of order. The _Satyagraha_ Committee, of which he was President, resolved to suspend temporarily "civil disobedience" to the laws, and the fraternisation between Mahomedans and Hindus cooled down, when important Mahomedan associations began to protest against the desecration of mosques by the admission of Hindu "idolaters" to deliver fiery orations to mixed congregations within the sacred precincts. But before the reaction could take real effect, it was arrested by rumours of terrible happenings in the course of the repression in the Punjab which turned the tide of Indian feeling into an opposite direction, and for those rumours there ultimately proved to have been no slight foundation.

The methods adopted in the Punjab had been very different from those adopted in the Bombay Presidency, where there had been scarcely less menacing outbursts in some of the northern districts, besides serious rioting in Bombay itself. In Ahmedabad, the second city of the Presidency, mob law reigned for two days. There were arson and pillage, and murder of Europeans and Government officers. Troops had to be hurried up to quell the disturbances, and for a short time the military authorities had to take charge. The repression was stern; 28 of the rioters were killed and 123 wounded in Ahmedabad alone. There were many arrests and prosecutions. But those stormy days left no bitterness behind them. The use of military force was not resented, because it was directed only against the crowds actually engaged in violent rioting. Martial law was never proclaimed, nor did the military authorities prolong the exercise of their punitive powers beyond the short period of active disorder, nor strain it beyond the measures essential to the suppression of disorder. They never interfered in administrative matters. The Bombay Government kept their heads, and there was nowhere any wholesale surrender of the civil authority into military hands. Mr.

Gandhi, who had been turned back by the Punjab Government when he tried to enter the Punjab, was left free by the Bombay Government, and the value of his assistance in restoring order in Allahabad, whilst he was in his first fit of penitence, was acknowledged by the authorities.

Very different was the intensive enforcement of martial law in the Punjab. Even when all allowance is made for the more dangerous situation created by a more martial population and the proximity of an always turbulent North-Western Frontier with the added menace at that time of an Afghan invasion, nothing can justify what was done at Amritsar where the deliberate bloodshed at Jallianwala has marked out April 13, 1919, as a black day in the annals of British India. One cannot possibly realise the frightfulness of it until one has actually looked down on the Jallianwala Bagh--once a garden, but in modern times a waste space frequently used for fairs and public meetings, about the size perhaps of Trafalgar Square, and closed in almost entirely by walls above which rise the backs of native houses facing into the congested streets of the city. I entered by the same narrow lane by which General Dyer--having heard that a large crowd had assembled there, many doubtless in defiance, but many also in ignorance of his proclamation forbidding all public gatherings--entered with about fifty rifles. I stood on the same rising ground on which he stood when, without a word of warning, he opened fire at about 100 yards' range upon a dense crowd, collected mainly in the lower and more distant part of the enclosure around a platform from which speeches were being delivered. The crowd was estimated by him at 6000, by others at 10,000 and more, but practically unarmed, and all quite defenceless. The panic-stricken multitude broke at once, but for ten consecutive minutes he kept up a merciless fusillade--in all 1650 rounds--on that seething mass of humanity, caught like rats in a trap, vainly rushing for the few narrow exits or lying flat on the ground to escape the rain of bullets, which he personally directed to the points where the crowd was thickest. The "targets," to use his own word, were good, and when at the end of those ten minutes, having almost exhausted his ammunition, he marched his men off by the way they came, he had killed, according to the official figures only wrung out of Government months later, 379, and he left about 1200 wounded on the ground, for whom, again to use his own word, he did not

consider it his "job" to take the slightest thought.

In going to Jallianwala I had passed through the streets where, on April 10, when the disorders suddenly broke out in Amritsar, the worst excesses were committed by the Indian rioters. But for General Dyer's own statements before the Hunter Commission, one might have pleaded that, left to his own unbalanced judgment by the precipitate abdication of the civil authority, he simply "saw red," though the outbreak of the 10th had been quelled before he arrived in Amritsar, and the city had been free from actual violence for the best part of three days. But, on his own showing, he deliberately made up his mind whilst marching his men to Jallianwala, and would not have flinched from still greater slaughter if the narrowness of the approaches had not compelled him regretfully to leave his machine-guns behind. His purpose, he declared, was to "strike terror into the whole of the Punjab." He may have achieved it for the time, though the evidence on this point is conflicting, but what he achieved far more permanently and effectively was to create in the Jallianwala Bagh, purchased since then as a "Martyrs' Memorial" by the Indian National Congress, a place of perpetual pilgrimage for racial hatred.

Then, two days after--not before--Jallianwala came the formal proclamation of martial law in the Punjab, and though there were no more Jallianwalas, what but racial hatred could result from a constant stream of petty and vindictive measures enforced even after the danger of rebellion, however real it may at first have seemed, had passed away? Sir Michael O'Dwyer protested, it is true, against General Dyer's monstrous "crawling order," and it was promptly disallowed. But what of many other "orders" which were not disallowed? What of the promiscuous floggings and whippings, the indiscriminate arrests and confiscations, the so-called "fancy punishments" designed not so much to punish individual "rebels" as to terrorise and humiliate? What of the whole judicial or _quasi_-judicial administration of martial law? The essential facts are on record now in the Report of the Hunter Committee and in the evidence taken before it, though its findings were not entirely unanimous and the majority report of the European members, five in number including the president Lord Hunter, formerly

Solicitor-General for Scotland, was accompanied by a minority report signed by the three Indian members, two of them now Ministers in the Government of Bombay and of the United Provinces respectively, who on several points attached graver importance to the circumstances which they themselves had chiefly helped to elicit from witnesses under examination. Upon the Report the Government of India and His Majesty's Government expressed in turn their views in despatches which are also public property. The responsibility of the Government of India was so deeply involved, and in a lesser degree that of the Secretary of State, that in neither case was judgment likely to err on the side of severity. The Government of India certainly did not so err, and one must turn to the despatch embodying the views of the British Government for a considered judgment which at least set forth in weighty terms the principles of British policy that had been violated in the Punjab, however short some may consider it to have fallen of the full requirements of justice in appraising the gravity of the departure from those principles in specific cases.

The Punjab tragedy has had such far-reaching effects in shaking the confidence of the Indian people in the justice and even in the humanity of British rule that it is best to quote the language in which the British Government recorded their judgment in their despatch to the Government of India:

The principle which has consistently governed the policy of His Majesty's Government in directing the methods to be employed, when military action in support of civil authority is required, may be broadly stated as using the minimum force necessary. His Majesty's Government are determined that this principle shall remain the primary factor of policy whenever circumstances unfortunately necessitate the suppression of civil disorder by military force within the British Empire.

It must regretfully but without possibility of doubt be concluded that Brigadier-General Dyer's action at Jallianwala Bagh was in complete violation of this principle.

The despatch proceeded to take into account the provocation offered and the great difficulties of the position in which General Dyer was placed. His omission to give warning before opening fire was nevertheless declared to have been "inexcusable," his failure to see that some attempt was made to give medical assistance to the dying and the wounded an "omission from his obvious duty," and the "crawling order" issued by him six days later "an offence against every canon of civilised government."

Upon a military commander administering martial law in a hostile country there lies a grave responsibility; when he is compelled to exercise this responsibility over a population which owes allegiance and looks for protection to the Government which he himself is serving, this burden is immeasurably enhanced. It would prejudice the public safety, with the preservation of which he is charged, to fetter his free judgment or action either by the prescription of rigid rules before the event or by over-censorious criticism when the crisis is past. A situation which is essentially military must be dealt with in the light of military considerations which postulate breadth of view and due appreciation of all the possible contingencies. There are certain standards of conduct which no civilised Government can with impunity neglect and which His Majesty's Government are determined to uphold.... That Brigadier-General Dyer displayed honesty of purpose and unflinching adherence to his conception of his duty cannot for a moment be questioned. But his conception of his duty in the circumstances in which he was placed was so fundamentally at variance with that which His Majesty's Government have a right to expect from and a duty to enforce upon officers who hold His Majesty's commission that it is impossible to regard him as fitted to remain entrusted with the responsibilities which his rank and position impose upon him. You have reported to me that the Commander-in-Chief has directed Brigadier-General Dyer to resign his appointment as Brigade Commander, and has informed him that he would receive no further employment in India and that you have concurred. I approve the decision and the circumstances of the case have been referred to the Army Council.

With regard to the administration of martial law the despatch considers it

impossible to avoid the conclusion that the majority of Lord Hunter's Committee have failed to express themselves in terms which, unfortunately, the facts not only justify, but necessitate. In paragraphs 16 to 25 of chapter xii. of their report the majority have dealt with the "intensive" form generally which martial law assumed and with certain specific instances of undue severity and of improper punishments or orders. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the instances which the Committee have enumerated in detail in both their reports, nor would any useful purpose be served by attempting to assess, with a view to penalties, the culpability of individual officers who were responsible for these orders, but whose conduct in other respects may have been free from blame or actually commendable. But His Majesty's Government must express strong disapproval of these orders and punishments and ask me to leave to you the duty of seeing that this disapproval shall be unmistakably marked by censure or other action which seems to you necessary upon those who were responsible for them. The instances cited by the Committee gave justifiable ground for the assertion that the administration of martial law in the Punjab was marred by a spirit which prompted--not generally, but unfortunately not uncommonly--the enforcement of punishments and orders calculated, if not intended to humiliate Indians as a race, to cause unwarranted inconvenience amounting on occasions to injustice, and to flout the standards of propriety and humanity, which the inhabitants not only of India in particular but of the civilised world in general have a right to demand of those set in authority over them. It is a matter for regret that, notwithstanding the conduct of the majority, there should have been some officers in the Punjab who appear to have overlooked the fact that they were administering martial law, not in order to subdue the population of a hostile country temporarily occupied as an act of war, but in order to deal promptly with those who had disturbed the peace of a population owing allegiance to the King Emperor, and

in the main profoundly loyal to that allegiance.

This clear enunciation of bed-rock principles and emphatic condemnation of many of the methods of repression used in the Punjab would have done more to reassure the public mind in India had the actual punishment inflicted on General Dyer and a few others been more commensurate with the gravity of the censure passed on their actions, and in any case it came far too late. It came too late to stem the rising tide of Indian bitterness, intensified by many gross exaggerations and deliberate inventions, which lost all sense of proportion when the Extremists demanded Sir Michael O'Dwyer's impeachment, though many responsible Indians had expressed their unabated confidence in him before he left the Punjab on the expiry of his term of office, just after the troubles, in terms more unstinted even than those in which the Government of India and the British Government conveyed their appreciation of his long and distinguished services--services which assuredly no errors of judgment committed under great stress could be allowed to overshadow. It came too late also to correct the effects of the panic that had taken possession of the European mind when it was still largely in ignorance of the actual facts. For most Europeans had at once rushed to the conclusion that the outbreak in the Punjab, in which no single Sepoy ever took part, was or threatened to be a reproduction of the Mutiny. In the first days, as a measure of precaution, European women and children had been hurriedly collected into places of refuge lest the horrible excesses perpetrated by the Indian mob at Amritsar might prove the prelude to a repetition of Cawnpore. The hardships and anxiety they underwent and the murderous outrages actually committed on not a few Europeans moved most of their fellow countrymen and countrywomen to unmeasured resentment, and not until they gained at last a fuller knowledge of all the facts so long allowed to remain obscure did a gradual reaction set in against the belief which was genuinely entertained by most Europeans, non-official and official in India, and which spread from them to England, that General Dyer's action and the rigours of martial law alone "saved India."

What drove the iron into the soul of India more than the things actually done in the Punjab, for which many Indians admit the provocation, was

the reluctance of her rulers to look them in the face, and the tardiness and half-heartedness of the atonement made for them. Not till nearly half a year after the troubles had occurred did the Government of India announce the appointment of the Hunter Committee of Inquiry, and this announcement was coupled with the introduction of a Bill of Indemnity for all officers of Government engaged in their repression, which wore, in the eyes of Indians, however unreasonably, the appearance of an attempt to shelter them against the possible findings of the Committee. Again nearly half a year passed before the report of the Committee was made public, and the bloom had already been taken off it for most Indians by the report of a Commission instituted on its own account by the Indian National Congress which, partisan and lurid as it was, never received full refutation, as the witnesses upon whose evidence it was based were, for technical reasons, not heard by the Hunter Committee. The complete surrender of civil authority into military hands first at Amritsar, and then, under orders from Simla, at Lahore and elsewhere, was, as His Majesty's Government afterwards acknowledged, a disastrous departure from the best traditions of the Indian Civil Service. But, whatever the mistakes committed by the civil authority in the Punjab or by those charged with the administration of martial law in that province, there is above the Punjab the Government of India, and its plea of prolonged ignorance as to the details of the occurrences in the Punjab can hardly hold water. The preoccupations of the Afghan war which followed closely on the Punjab troubles were no doubt absorbing, but had the Viceroy or the Home member or the Commander-in-Chief or one of his responsible advisers proceeded in person, the moment the disorders were over, to Lahore or Amritsar, barely more than a night's journey from Delhi or Simla, is it conceivable that a halt would not have been forthwith called to proceedings which these high officers of state were constrained later on unanimously to deplore and reprobate? And if the Government of India were too slow to move, was there not a Secretary of State who knew, from statements made to him personally by Sir Michael O'Dwyer on his return to England, at least enough to insist upon immediate inquiry on the spot? Mr. Montagu has seldom, it is believed, hesitated to require in the most peremptory terms full information on far more trivial matters. Had prompt action been taken in India, there would never have been any need for the Hunter Committee. As it was,

Indian feeling had run tremendously high before its findings were made public. So when the Government of India and the Secretary of State published their belated judgment, the people of India weighed such a tardy measure of justice against the dissent of an important minority in the House of Commons and of the majority of the Lords, the stifling of discussion in the Indian Legislature, which was still more directly interested in the matter, and above all the unprecedented public subscriptions in England and in India for the glorification of General Dyer, whilst the Punjab Government was still haggling over doles to the widows and orphans of Jallianwala--and, having weighed it, found it lamentably wanting, until at last the Duke of Connaught's moving speech at Delhi for the first time began to redress the balance.

The story of Jallianwala and all that followed in the Punjab scattered to the winds Mr. Gandhi's threadbare penitence for the horrible violence of Indian mobs, and he poured out henceforth all the vials of his wrath on the violence of the repression, far more unpardonable, he declared, because they were not the outcome of ignorant fanaticism, but of a definite policy adopted by European officers high in rank and responsibility. There was no longer any doubt in his mind that a Government that tolerated or condoned or palliated such things was "Satanic," and that the whole civilisation for which such a Government stood was equally Satanic. For Indians to co-operate with it until it had shown "a complete change of heart" was a deadly sin. To accept any scheme of constitutional reforms as reparation for the wrongs of the Punjab with which the wrongs of Turkey were linked up with an increased fervour of righteous indignation when the terms of the treaty of Sèvres became known, was treachery to the soul of India. Thence it was but a step to the organisation of a definite "Non-co-operation" movement to demonstrate the finality of the breach. Mr. Gandhi appealed in the first place to the educated classes to set the example to the people. He called upon those on whom the State had conferred honours and titles to renounce them, upon barristers and pleaders to cease to practise in the law-courts, and upon parents to withdraw their children from the schools and colleges tainted with State control and State doles. If parents would not hearken to him, schoolboys and students were exhorted to shake themselves free of their own accord. To the people he opened up

simpler ways of "Non-co-operation" by abstaining from tea and sugar and all articles of consumption and of clothing contaminated by alien hands or alien industry. If all would join in a common effort he promised that India would speedily attain _Swaraj_--the term mentioned was generally a year--and, quit of the railways and telegraphs and all other instruments and symbols of Western economic bondage, return to the felicity and greatness of Vedic times. All this, however, was to be done by "soul force" alone and without violence.

In the course of the only long conversation I had with Mr. Gandhi I tried to obtain from him some picture of what India would be like under _Swaraj_ as he understood it. In a voice as gentle as his whole manner is persuasive, he explained, more in pity than in anger, that India had at last recovered her own soul through the fiery ordeal which Hindus and Mahomedans had undergone in the Punjab, and the perfect act of faith which the _Khilafat_ meant for all Mahomedans, and that, purged of the degrading influences of the West, she would find again that peace which was hers before alien domination divided and exploited her people. As to the form of government and administration which would then obtain in India, he would not go beyond a vague assurance that it would be based on the free will of the people expressed by manhood suffrage for which Indians were already ripe, if called upon to exercise it upon truly Indian lines. When I objected that caste, which was the bed-rock of Hindu social and religious life, was surely a tremendous obstacle to any real democracy, he admitted that the system would have to be restored to its pristine purity and redeemed from some of the abuses that had crept into it. But he upheld the four original castes as laid down in the Vedas, and even their hereditary character, though in practice some born in a lower caste might well rise by their own merits and secure the deference and respect of the highest castes, "such as, for instance, if I may in all modesty quote my own unworthy case, the highest Brahmins spontaneously accord to me to-day, though by birth I am only of a lowly caste." I tried to get on to more solid ground by pointing out that, whatever views one might hold as to his ultimate goal, the methods he was employing in trying to break up the existing schools and colleges and law-courts and to paralyse the machinery of administration was destructive rather than constructive, and that, confident as he might

feel of substituting better things ultimately for those that he had destroyed, construction must always be a much slower process than destruction; and in the meantime infinite and perhaps irreparable harm would be done. "No," he rejoined--and I think I can convey his words pretty accurately, but not his curious smile as of boundless compassion for the incurable scepticism of one in outer darkness--"no, I destroy nothing that I cannot at once replace. Let your law-courts with their cumbersome and ruinous procedure disappear, and India will set up her old _Panchayats_, in which justice will be dispensed in accordance with her own conscience. For your schools and colleges, upon which lakhs of rupees have been wasted in bricks and mortar for the erection of ponderous buildings that weigh as heavily upon our boys as the educational processes by which you reduce their souls to slavery, we will give them simpler structures, open to God's air and light, and the learning of our forefathers that will make them free men once more." Not that he would exclude all Western literature--Ruskin, for instance, he would always welcome with both hands--nor Western science so long as it was applied to spiritual and not to materialistic purposes, nor even English teachers, if they would become Indianised and were reborn of the spirit of India. Indeed, what he had looked for, and looked in vain for, in the rulers of India was "a change of hearts" by which they too might be reborn of the spirit of India. He hated no one, for that would be a negation of the great principle of _Ahimsa_, on which he expatiated with immense earnestness.

As I watched the slight ascetic frame and mobile features of the Hindu dreamer in his plain garment of white home-spun, and, beside him, one of his chief Mahomedan allies, Shaukat Ali, with his great burly figure and heavy jowl and somewhat truculent manner and his opulent robes embroidered with the Turkish crescent, I wondered how far Mr. Gandhi had succeeded in converting his Mahomedan friend to the principle of _Ahimsa_. Perhaps Mr. Gandhi guessed what was passing in my mind when I asked him how the fundamental antagonism between the Hindu and the Mahomedan outlook upon life was to be permanently overcome even if the common cause held Hindus and Mahomedans together in the struggle for _Swaraj_. He pointed at once to his "brother" Shaukat as a living proof of the "change of hearts" that had already taken place in the two

communities. "Has any cloud ever arisen between my brother Shaukat and myself during the months that we have now lived and worked together? Yet he is a staunch Mahomedan and I a devout Hindu. He is a meat-eater and I a vegetarian. He believes in the sword, I condemn all violence. But what do such differences matter between two men in both of whom the heart of India beats in unison?"

I turned thereupon to Mr. Shaukat Ali and asked him whether he would explain to me the application to India under _Swaraj_ of the Mahomedan doctrine that the world is divided into two parts, one the "world of Islam" under Mahomedan rule, and the other "the world of war," in which infidels may rule for a time but will sooner or later be reduced to subjection by the sword of Islam. To which of these worlds would Mahomedans reckon India to belong when she obtained _Swaraj_? Mr. Shaukat Ali evaded the question by assuring me with much unction that he could not conceive the possibility of the Hindus doing any wrong to Islam, but, if the unthinkable happened, Mahomedans, he quickly added, would know how to redress their wrongs, for they could never renounce their belief in the sword, and it was indeed because Turkey is the sword of Islam that they could not see her perish or the Khalifate depart from her.

I wondered as I withdrew how long the fiery Mahomedan would keep his sword sheathed, did he not feel that his own personality and that of his brother Mahomed Ali would count for very little without the reflected halo with which they were at least temporarily invested by the saintliness of Mr. Gandhi's own simple and austere life of self-renunciation, so different in every way from their own. For it is to his personality rather than to his teachings that Mr. Gandhi owes his immense influence with the people. It is a very different influence from that of Mr. Tilak, to whom he is sometimes, but quite wrongly, compared. Mr. Tilak belonged by birth to a powerful Deccani Brahman caste with hereditary traditions of rulership. He was a man of considerable Sanscrit learning whose researches into the ancient lore of Hinduism commanded respectful attention amongst European as well as Indian scholars. Whatever one may think of his politics and of his political methods, he was an astute politician skilled in all the ways of

political opportunism. Mr. Gandhi is none of these things. He is not a Brahman, but of the humbler _Bania_ caste; he does not come from the Deccan, but from Gujarat, a much less distinguished part of the Bombay Presidency. He does not claim to be anything but a man of the people. He looks small and fragile and his features are homely. He lives in the simplest native way, eating simple native food which he is said to prepare with his own hands, and dresses in the simplest native clothes from his own spinning-wheel. His private life is unimpeachable--the only point indeed in which Mr. Tilak resembled him. Though he lays no claim to Sanscrit erudition, his speeches are replete with references to Hindu mythology and scripture, but they usually reflect the gentler, and not the more terrific, aspects of Hinduism. He blurts out the truth as he conceives it with as little regard for the feelings or prejudices of his supporters as for those of his opponents. He will tell the most orthodox Brahman audience at Poona that if they want to be the leaders of the nation they must give up their worldly notions of caste ascendancy and their harsh enforcement of "untouchability"; or he will lecture a youthful Bengalee audience, intensely jealous of their own language, upon their shameful ignorance of Hindi, which he believes to be the future language of India and of _Swaraj_. No one could suspect him of having an axe of his own to grind. He is beyond argument, because his conscience tells him he is right and his conscience must be right, and the people believe that he is right, and that his conscience must be right because he is a _Mahatma_, and as such outside and above caste. His influence over the Indian Mahomedan cannot be so deep-rooted, and the ancient antagonism between them and the Hindus still endures amongst the masses on both sides; but it is of some significance that his warm espousal of the grievances which large and perhaps growing numbers of them have been induced to read into the Turkish peace terms, has led some of his most enthusiastic Mahomedan supporters to bestow upon him the designation of _Wali_ or Vicegerent which is sometimes used to connote religious leadership.

No leader has ever dominated any meeting of the old Indian National Congress as absolutely as Mr. Gandhi dominated last Christmas at Nagpur the 20,000 delegates from all parts of India who persisted in calling themselves the Indian National Congress, though between them and the

original Congress founders few links have survived, and the chief business of the session was to repudiate the old Congress profession of loyalty to the British connection as the fundamental article of its creed, and to eliminate the reference hitherto retained, with the consent even of the Extremists, to India's participation on equal terms with the other members of the Empire in all its rights and responsibilities. The resolution moved and carried at Nagpur stated bluntly that "the object of the Indian National Congress is the attainment of _Swaraj_ by the people of India by all legitimate and peaceful means." Many of the members would have left out the last words which were intended to ease the scruples of the more weak-kneed brethren. But Mr. Jinna, a Mahomedan Extremist from Bombay, whose legal mind in spite of all his bitterness does not blink the cold light of reason, warned his audience that India could not achieve complete independence by violent means without wading through rivers of blood. Mr. Gandhi himself intimated that India did not "want to end the British connection at all costs unconditionally," but he declared it to be "derogatory to national dignity to think of the permanence of the British connection at any cost, and it was impossible to accept its continuance in the presence of the grievous wrongs done by the British Government and its refusal to acknowledge or redress them." He explained that the resolution of which he was the mover could be accepted equally by "those who believe that by retaining the British connection we can purify ourselves and purify the British people, and those who have no such belief." He concluded on a more minatory note: "The British people will have to beware that if they do not want to do justice, it will be the bounden duty of every Indian to destroy the Empire"--which Mr. Mahomed Ali, however, with less diplomacy, declared to be already dead and buried.

That the "Non-co-operation" programme was reaffirmed at Nagpur except in regard to the propaganda amongst schoolboys as differentiated from students, and that threats were uttered of extending passive resistance to the non-payment of taxes and more especially of the land tax, were not matters to cause much surprise to those who had measured the sharply inclined plane down which "Non-co-operation" was moving. But one hardly sees how Mr. Gandhi can reconcile the racial hatred which was the

key-note of all the proceedings with his favourite doctrine of _Ahimsa_. He has, however, himself, on one occasion, openly referred to a time when legions of Indians may be ready to leap to the sword for _Swaraj_, and though his appeal is to an inner moral force which he declares to be unconquerable, he does not always disguise from himself or from his followers the bloodshed which the exercise of that moral force may involve. In an article in support of the "Non-co-operation" movement in his organ _Young India_ the following pregnant passage occurs:

For me, I say with Cardinal Newman: "I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step enough for me." The movement is essentially religious. The business of every God-fearing man is to dissociate himself from evil in total disregard of consequences. He must have faith in a good deed producing only a good result; that, in my opinion, is the Ghita doctrine of work without attachment. God does not permit man to peep into the future. He follows truth, although the following of it may endanger life. He knows that it is better to die in the way of God than to live in the way of Satan. Therefore, whoever is satisfied that this Government represents the activity of Satan has no choice left to him but to dissociate himself from it.

Are there any limits to the disastrous lengths to which a people may not be carried away by one who combines to such ends and in such fashion religious and political leadership?

IDA LEWIS: THE GIRL WHO KEPT LIME ROCK BURNING; A HEROIC LIFE-SAVER

The Project Gutenberg EBook of **Ten American Girls From History**, by
Kate Dickinson Sweetser

"Father has the appointment! We are going to live on the island, and you must all row over to see me very often. Isn't it wonderful?"

A bright-faced young girl, surrounded by a group of schoolmates, poured out her piece of news in such an eager torrent of words that the girls were as excited as the teller of the tale, and there was a chorus of: "Wonderful! Of course we will! What fun to live in that fascinating place! Let's go and see it now!"

No sooner decided than done, and in a very short time there was a fleet of rowboats led by that of Ida Lewis, on their way to the island in Baker's Bay, where the Lime Rock Light stood, of which Captain Hosea Lewis had just been appointed keeper.

Ida, Captain Hosea's daughter, was born at Newport, Rhode Island, on the 25th of February, 1841, and was sent to school there as soon as she was old enough. She was a quick-witted, sure-footed, firm-handed girl from her earliest childhood, and a great lover of the sea in all its changing phases. Often instead of playing games on land with her mates she would beguile some old fisherman to take her out in his fishing dory, and eagerly help him make his hauls, and by the time she was fourteen years old she was an expert in handling the oars, and as tireless a swimmer as could be found in all Newport.

And now her father had been appointed keeper of the Lime Rock Light, the "Ida Lewis" light, as it came to be known in later years, and the girl's home was no longer to be on _terra firma_, but on the rock-ribbed island where the lighthouse stood, whose beacon-light cast strong, steady rays across Baker's Bay, to the greater Narragansett Bay, of which it is only an arm.

The flock of girls in their boats rowed hard and fast across the silvery water with a steady splash, splash of the dipping oars in the calm bay, and ever Ida Lewis was in the lead, heading toward the island with a straight course, and keeping a close watch for the rocks of which the Bay was full. She would turn her head, toss back her hair, and call out in ringing tones to the flock, "'Ware, shoals!" and obediently they would turn as she turned, follow where she led. Soon her boat ran its sharp bow against the rocky ledge to which they had been steering, and with quick confidence Ida sprang ashore, seized the painter, and drew her boat to a mooring, while the rest of the fleet came to the landing and one after another the girls jumped ashore. Then up the rocky path to the lighthouse filed Ida and her friends, eager to inspect the queer place which was to be Ida's home.

"How perfectly lovely! How odd! Oh, how I wish I were going to live here! Ida, you are lucky--But just think how the wind will howl around the house in a storm! Will your father ever let you tend the light, do you think?"

The questions were not answered, and those who asked them did not expect a response. They all chattered on at the same time, while they inspected every nook and corner of their friend's new home. It was a small place, that house on Lime Rock, built to house the light-keeper's family, but one which could well answer to the name of "home" to one as fond of the sea as was Ida Lewis. On the narrow promontory, with the waves of the quiet bay lapping its rocky shores, the two-story white house stood like a sea-gull poised for flight. A living-room, with wide windows opening out on the bay it had, and simple bedrooms where one could be lulled to sleep by the lapping of waters on every side, while at the front of the house stood the tower from which the light sent its searching beams to guide mariners trying to enter the Newport harbor.

The girls climbed the spiral staircase leading up to the light, and looked with wonder not unmixed with awe at the great lamp which was always filled and trimmed for immediate use--saw the large bell which tolled continuously during storm or fog; then they went down again to

the sunshiny out of doors, and were shown the boat-house, not so far back of the light that it would be difficult to reach in a storm.

It was all a fairy residence to those young girls, and little could they imagine that bright-eyed Ida, who was about to become a lighthouse-keeper's daughter, was to be known in later years as the Grace Darling of America, because of her heroic life on that small promontory in Baker's Bay!

The Lewis family settled in the lighthouse as speedily as possible, and when their simple household goods were arranged, the island home was a pretty and a comfortable place, where the howling winds of winter or the drenching, depressing fogs of all seasons would have no chance to take from the homelike cheer inside, no matter how severe they were. Books, pictures, a large rag rug, a model of a sloop, made by Captain Hosea, family portraits belonging to his wife--whose girlhood had been spent on Block Island as the daughter of Dr. Aaron C. Wiley, and to whose ears the noise of wind and waves was the music of remembered girlhood--all these added to the simple interior of the lighthouse, while out of doors there was, as Ida said, "All the sea, all the sky, all the joy of the great free world, and plenty of room to enjoy it!"

And enjoy it she certainly did, although she had to rise early and eat the plainest of fare, for the pay of a lighthouse-keeper would not allow of many luxuries. At night she was in bed and fast asleep before her friends on land had even thought of leaving their amusements or occupations for sleep. It was a healthy life, and Ida grew broad of shoulders, heavier in weight and as muscular as a boy. Every morning she inspected her boat, and if it needed bailing out or cleaning she was at work on it before breakfast; then at the appointed hour she was ready to row her younger brothers and sisters to the mainland to school. Like a little housekeeper, after dropping them, she went to market in Newport for her mother, and sometimes her boat would be seen crossing the bay more than once a morning, if there were many supplies to be carried over; then the children must be rowed back after school hours. Small wonder that Ida came to know every rock in the bay, and

was able to steer her boat safely in and out among the many obstructions which were a peril to less intelligent mariners.

Towering over all neighboring buildings, the Lime Rock Light stood on its rocky ledge, clearly seen by men on vessels entering or leaving Narragansett Bay, and by officers and men at Fort Adams, as well as by those who lived within sight of the light, and it came to be a daily word, "Watch for the girl," for Ida sturdily rowed across the bay, no matter how furious the storm, how dense the fog.

Late one afternoon, after visiting a friend, she was rowing from Newport at the hour when a snub-nosed schooner sailed slowly into the harbor on its way from New York to Newport with every sign of distress visible among its crew, for not even the Captain knew where lay the channel of safety between the perilous rocks, and the fog was thick.

Ida saw the schooner, and guessed its dilemma. Rowing as close to it as she could, she signaled to the captain to follow her, and her words were carried to him on the heavy air:

"Come on! Don't be afraid!"

Obediently he went on, as the girl directed, and reached the dock of his destination in safety, where he shook hands heartily with his bright-eyed guide before she pushed off again for her island home. Later he spread the news among his mates that there was a "boss in Baker's Bay who knew what she was about," and his advice was, "In danger look for the dark-haired girl in a row-boat and follow her."

This came to be the accepted fashion among captains of the schooners which in that day plied so frequently between New York and Newport, and many a letter of thanks, or a more substantial remembrance, did she receive from some one she had piloted across the angry bay.

Soldiers trying to reach the fort, or sailors anxious to row out to their ships, always found a ready ferry-woman in Ida, and before the Lewis family had been in the lighthouse for many months she was one of

the most popular young persons on land or sea within many miles--for who had ever before seen such a seaworthy young mariner as she, or where could such a fund of nautical wisdom be discovered as was stored in her clear head? This question was asked in affectionate pride by more than one good seaman who had become Ida's intimate friend at the close of her first year on Lime Rock, while all the skippers had an intense admiration for the girl who not only handled her life-boat with a man's skill, but who kept the light filled and trimmed and burning to save her father steps, now that he was crippled with rheumatism.

The heat of summer had given place to the crisp coolness of a glorious October day as Ida was just starting to row to the mainland to do an errand for her mother. She looked out of the window, across the bay, to see if there was any prospect of a shower, and her keen eyes glimpsed a sight that made her hurry for the glass. Looking through it, she gave a sharp cry and rushed to the door.

"What is it, daughter?" the captain queried.

But Ida was already out of the house. So he hobbled slowly to the window and, with the use of the glass Ida had dropped, saw his energetic child push the life-boat out of its shelter, drag it to the shore, jump in and row rapidly to the middle of the bay where a pleasure-boat had capsized. There were four men in the water, struggling with the high waves which momentarily threatened to overcome them. When Ida reached them in her life-boat, two were clinging to the overturned craft, and two were making a desperate effort to swim toward shore. The watching captain, through his glass, saw Ida row close to the capsized boat and with strong, steady hands pull and drag one after another of the men into her boat. When they were all in, she rowed with sure strokes back across the stormy water, carrying her load of human freight to shore and receiving their thanks as modestly as if she had not done a remarkable deed for a girl of seventeen. A very fine piece of work was Ida's first rescue, but by no means her last. She loved to row out in a storm and dare the winds and waves to do their worst, and she grew to think her mission a clear

one, as life-saver of the light.

A year after her first experience as life-saver, her father, who had recently been paralyzed, died, and so capable was his eighteen-year-old daughter in doing his duties that she was allowed to continue in the care of the light until her father's successor should be appointed. When the news came to her, Ida's eyes gleamed, as if in anticipation of some happy event, and to her devoted Newfoundland dog she exclaimed: "We love it too well to give it up to anybody; don't we, doggie dear? We will succeed to ourselves!" And she did succeed to herself, being finally made keeper of the light by special act of Congress--the appointment being conferred upon her in 1879 by General Sherman as a compliment to her ability and bravery; doubtless because of the recommendation of those fishermen and seamen whose respect for the brave girl was great and who did not wish the government to remove her. In any case, she was chosen for the responsible position as successor to her father, and to herself, as she quaintly put it, and more and more she became devoted to every stone of the small promontory, and to every smallest duty in connection with her work and her island home.

Winter and summer passed in the regular routine of her daily duties as keeper of the light, and every time she lighted the big lamp whose beams shone out over the waters with such comforting gleams for watching mariners she was filled with assurance that hers was the greatest and most interesting mission in the world.

Winter came with its howling winds and frozen bay. A terrific storm was blowing from the north; snow was driving from every direction and it was hardly possible to stand on one's feet because of the fury of the gale. Ida lighted her beacon of warning to ships at sea, and rejoiced as she saw its glowing rays flash out over the turbulent waters. Then she went down into the cozy kitchen and speedily ate a simple supper prepared by her mother. How the wind shrieked around the little house on the island! Ida hastily raised the curtain, to see how heavily it was storming, and she gave an exclamation of surprise; then ran up the spiral stairway to the tower, where in the rays of the

steady light she could see more clearly. Far out on the waves, beyond the frozen surface of the inner bay, she saw a light skiff bobbing up and down, the toy of wind and wave; in it by the aid of her powerful glass she could see a stiff, still figure. A man had been overcome by the cold--he would die if he were not rescued at once. Quick as a flash she was down-stairs, in the boat-house, had pulled out the boat, although it was a hard task in such a storm even for one as strong as she, and soon was on her way across that part of the bay which was not frozen. Up and down on the storm-tossed waves her craft tossed, now righting itself, now almost submerged--but Ida pulled on with strong sure strokes, and drew alongside of the bobbing skiff--took hold of it, drew it to the side of her own boat, and, looking into the face of the man in it, saw that he must be rowed to land as quickly as possible if he were to be saved. She saved him. When he regained consciousness he found himself propped up before the warm fire in the lighthouse kitchen, with the most delicious feeling of languor stealing through his whole frame, instead of the cruel numbness which had been the last sensation before he became unconscious. And it added materially to his enjoyment that a bright-eyed, dark-haired young woman hovered around him, ministering to his wants in a delightful way.

The young lighthouse-keeper's next rescue was of a soldier from the Fort Adams garrison who, in trying to cross the harbor in a small boat, was thrown into the bay by the force of the waves, and would have been drowned, as he was not a good swimmer, had not Ida's keen eyes seen him and she gone instantly to his rescue. He was a heavy man, and Ida tried in vain to lift him into her boat, but was not strong enough. What should she do? The great waves were lashing against the boats in such a fury that what was done must be done quickly. With ready wit she threw a rope around his body under the arm-pits, and towed him to shore as hard and fast as she could, at the same time watching closely that his head did not go under water. It was a man-sized job, but Ida accomplished it, and, seeing his exhaustion when she reached shore, she called two men, who aided in resuscitating him.

"Who towed him in?" asked one of them, who was a stranger to Ida.

"I did," she replied.

"Ah, go on!" he said, incredulously. "A girl like you doing that! Tell me something I can believe!"

Ida laughed and turned to the other man. "He will tell you what I have done and what I can do, even if I am a girl!" she said; and the seaman, just landed from a coastwise steamer, looked at her with admiration tinged with awe. "She's the boss of these parts," said his companion, "and the prettiest life-saver on the coast. Just try it yourself and see!"

As the man did not seem to care about risking his life to have it saved, even by Ida Lewis, he went his way, but whenever his steamer touched at Newport after that he always paid his respects to the "prettiest life-saver on the coast."

Twelve months went by, with ever-increasing fame for the girl keeper of Lime Rock Light who had become one of the features of the vicinity, to meet and talk with whom many a tourist lengthened a stay in Newport, and Ida enjoyed meeting them and showing them her light and her home and her boat and her dog and all her other treasures, while in return they told her many interesting things about the great world beyond the beams of her light.

Up in the tower one day--it was in the autumn of 1867--she was looking out over the bay, fearing trouble for some vessel, as a furious storm was raging, and the wind was blowing snow in such white sheets that few captains could make their way among the rocks of the harbor without difficulty, while any one foolish enough to set out in a rowboat would find it impossible to reach the shore.

Out flashed the rays of the beacon-light, and far off on the tempestuous waves Ida saw what seemed to be two men in a boat with a load of sheep. The wind was howling, and borne on its shrieking Ida

fancied she could hear the moans of the men and the frightened beasts.

One quick look at her light, to make sure that it was all right to leave, then down ran the life-saver to her self-appointed work. Never was there such a gale blowing in Narragansett Bay, and in the smaller bay white-capped waves and gusts of wind and rain added to biting, stinging cold made it almost impossible even for sturdy Ida to struggle out from the boat-house, to launch her rowboat on the stormy sea. But she never gave in to any obstacles, and soon her little boat could be seen making slow headway across the bay, in the direction of the drifting men and their cargo of sheep.

Now the wind drove her back, now it blew her small craft to one side and the other, but steadily, though slowly, she gained on herself, and at last she reached the men, who could make no headway in the teeth of such a gale, and were simply drifting and watching Ida's acts with incredulous wonder. A young girl--come to rescue them in such a storm as this! Quickly she helped them to climb into her boat, and took up her oars. One man protested. "But the sheep," he said.

"Leave them to me!" commanded Ida, sternly, rowing as fast as she could, her dark hair streaming over her shoulders and her cheeks rose-red from the stinging cold of the air. Neither man ventured another word. Reaching the rocky coast of the island, Ida sprang out after them, pointed out the kitchen door, and said:

"Stay in there and get warm till I come back."

"But--" began one.

Ida was already out of hearing, and the men whose lives had been saved did as they had been told, and in the warm kitchen awaited the coming of their rescuer. In an hour there were footsteps outside, the door opened, and a glowing girl stepped in out of the bitter gale, stamping her almost frozen feet and holding out her benumbed hands to the glowing fire.

"Well, they are all safe on land," she said. "I think they had better be left in the boat-house overnight. The wind is in the right quarter for a clear day to-morrow; then you can put out again."

There was no reply. A girl like this keeper of the Lime Rock Light left no room for pretty compliments, but made a man feel that if she could do such deeds with simple courage, what could he not do with such a spirit as hers! No one ever paid Ida Lewis higher praise than these two rough men when, on leaving, they each gripped her hand and the spokesman said:

"Whenever I see your light shining, I'll put up a prayer for its keeper, and thanking you for what you did for us, ma'am--if my little one's a girl, she will be Ida Lewis!"

Up spoke his comrade: "My daughter's twelve year old come September next, and I hope she'll be your kind. It'd make a new kind of a world to have such!"

While such praise did not turn Ida's very level head, or make her vain, it gave her a deep satisfaction and a tremendous sense of responsibility in her beloved occupation.

Two years went by, and Ida Lewis was a name which commanded respect throughout Rhode Island because of her work for the government, and there was scarcely a day when she did not direct some wandering boatman or give valuable aid to a distressed seafarer, but from the day she brought the men and their load of sheep to shore it was a year before there was any need of such aid as she had given them. Then on a day never to be forgotten by those to whose rescue she went, she saw two of the soldiers who were stationed at Fort Adams rowing toward the fort from Newport. A young lad was at the oars, and he showed that he was not in any way experienced as a boatman. A sudden squall overtook the small boat in mid-bay, and, as Ida Lewis looked at it, it capsized. At the moment Ida happened to be without hat or coat, or even shoes. Rushing to the boat-house, she took her staunch friend to the shore, and launched out in the wild squall under an inky-black

sky; and she had to row against a wind that drove her back time after time. Finally she reached the wreck, only to find the boy had gone under. The soldiers were clinging to the bobbing keel of the boat, and Ida grasped them with a firm, practised hand, while at the same time managing to keep her own boat near enough so that when a wave washed them together she was able to help the exhausted soldiers to climb into it. They were unable to speak, and one of them was so exhausted that she feared she could not get him to land in time to resuscitate him.

With wind-blown hair, and eyes dark with determination, she rowed as she had never rowed before, and at last her boat touched the rocky home ledge. Out she jumped, and in less time than it takes to tell it, she had the men before her fire, wrapped in blankets. One of them was unconscious for such a long time that his rescuer was wondering what was best to do--to take the risk of leaving him and row to the mainland for a doctor, or to take the risk of doing for him with her own inexperienced hands. Just then his blue eyes opened, and after a drink of stimulant he slowly revived, and at last was able to talk coherently. The storm was still raging and the men remained on the lighthouse ledge with the girl rescuer, for whom they showed open admiration; then, when the clouds lifted and the moon shone wanly through the rift, they took their own boat and rowed off to the fort. But they were staunch friends of Ida Lewis from that day, and she enjoyed many a chat with them, and had more than one pleasant afternoon on the mainland with them when they were off duty.

At another time she was out in her boat in a bad storm, when through the dense darkness she heard cries of, "Help! help!" and, rowing in the direction from which the cries came, she found three men in the water clinging to the keel of an overturned boat. With her usual promptness in an emergency, she dragged them all into her boat and took them to shore. Another day, from the lighthouse tower, she saw the slender figure of a man clinging to a spindle which was a mile and a half from the lighthouse. In a very short time he would be too exhausted to hold on any longer. She must hurry, hurry! With flying feet she made her boat ready; with firm strokes she rowed out to the

spindle, rescued the man and bore him safely to shore.

At this time Ida Lewis was so well known as being always on hand in any emergency that it was taken as a matter of course to have her appear out of the sky, as one's preserver, and the man, though extremely grateful, did not seem as astonished as he might have otherwise been to be saved from such a death by a young girl who apparently dropped from the skies just to rescue him.

In all of these experiences, when she was able to save men's lives at the risk of her own, and was successful by reason of her quick wit and self-forgetful courage, despite the grave chances she took, she never had a single fright about her own safety, but simply flew across the bay at any time of day or night at the sight of a speck on the water which to her trained eye was a human being in danger.

Winter's hand had laid its glittering mantle of ice on Baker's Bay, and on a glorious sunlit morning Ida was ready to start to Newport to make some necessary purchases. When she was just about to push her boat off the rocks she looked over the bay with the intent, piercing glance for which she was famous among fisher-folk, who declared she could "see out of the back of her head," and caught a glimpse of uniforms, of struggling figures in that part of the bay which was so shallow as to be always frozen in mid-winter, and which the soldiers all knew to be dangerous to cross. But there were two of them, waving their arms in frantic appeal for help, as they tried to keep from going under in the icy water of the bay.

There was not a moment to lose. Ida put out from shore, rowed swiftly to a point as near the drowning and freezing men as was possible, then with her oars broke the ice sufficiently to make a channel for her boat. As she came near to them she found that the insecure ice, melted by the strong sun, had given way under them, while they were evidently trying to take a short cut to Fort Adams from Newport.

It was hard work and quick work for Ida's experienced hands to get them into the life-boat; and so nearly frozen were they that she was

obliged to rest on her oars, at the same time rubbing their numb limbs as well as she could. Then she rowed for shore faster than she had ever rowed but once before, and, as she told afterward:

"I flew for restoratives and hot water, and worked so hard and so fast, rubbing them and heating them, that it was not long before they came to life again and were sitting up in front of the fire, apologizing for their folly, and promising that they would never again give me such a piece of work to do, or cross the bay in winter at a point where they knew it was a risk." She added, naïvely: "They were as penitent as naughty children, so I took advantage of it and gave them a lecture on things soldiers ought not to do, among them drinking whisky--even with the good excuse of being cold--and showing them quite plainly that this scare they had had came from that bad habit. They seemed very sorry, and when they got up to go, they saluted me as if I were their captain. Then off they went to the fort."

Several days later she received a letter of thanks from the officers at Fort Adams, and a gold watch from the men she had rescued "in grateful appreciation of a woman's heroism."

On through the long years Ida Lewis, with hair growing slowly a little grayer, and with arms a little less equal to the burden of rowing a heavy boat through fierce winter gales, was faithful to her duties as keeper of the light, now never spoken of as the Lime Rock Light, but always as the Ida Lewis Light; and, although she was always averse to notoriety, yet she was forced to accept the penalty of her brave deeds, and welcome the thousands of tourists who now swarmed daily over the promontory and insisted on a personal talk with the keeper of the light. Had it not been for Mrs. Lewis, both aged and feeble, but able to meet and show the visitors over the island, Ida would have had no privacy at all and no time for her work.

Although she always disliked praise or publicity, yet she accepted official recognition of her faithful work with real appreciation, and it was touching to see her joy when one day she received a letter bearing the signature of the Secretary of the Treasury, notifying her

that the gold life-saving medal had been awarded to her--and stating that she was the only woman in America upon whom the honor had been conferred! At a later date she also received three silver medals: gifts from the State of Rhode Island, and from the Humane Society of Massachusetts, and also from the New York Life-Saving Association. All these recognitions of her achievements Ida Lewis received with shining eyes and wonder that such praise should have come to her for the simple performance of her duty. "Any one would rescue a drowning man, of course," she said. "I just happen to be where I see them first!"

But although she was so modest, and although so many honors were heaped upon her, none ever meant to her what the first expression of public appreciation meant, shown by the citizens of Rhode Island.

An invitation had been sent to her, asking her to be present at the Custom-House at Newport on a certain day in 1869. She accepted the invitation, and went at the appointed hour without much thought about the matter. When she reached the Custom-House, to her surprise a committee of prominent Newport residents met her and escorted her to a seat on the platform, from which she looked down on a vast audience, all staring with evident curiosity at the slight, dark-haired woman in whose honor the throng had come together. There were speeches so filled with praise of her deeds that Ida Lewis would have liked to fly from the sight of the applauding crowd; but instead must sit and listen. The speeches at an end, there was a moment's pause; then she found herself on her feet, amid a chorus of cheers, being presented with a magnificent new life-boat, the Rescue, a gift from the citizens of Newport as a slight recognition of her acts of bravery.

Ida never knew all she said in response to the presentation speech; she only knew that tears streamed down her cheeks as she gripped a man's hand and said, "Thank you, thank you--I don't deserve it!" over and over again, while the audience stood up and applauded to the echo. As if that were not enough to overcome any young woman, as she left the building, James Fisk, Jr., approached her and, grasping her hand warmly, told her that there was to be a new boat-house built back of the light, large enough for her beautiful new boat.

It was late that night before Ida fell asleep, lulled at last by the wind and the lapping of the waves, and thinking with intense happiness not of her own achievements, but of the pride and joy with which her mother received the account of her daughter's ovation and gift, and her words rang in Ida's ears above the noise of the waters, "Your father would be so proud, dear!"

For fifty-three years Ida Lewis remained the faithful keeper of her beloved light, and because of her healthy, out-of-door life we catch a glimpse of the woman of sixty-five which reminds us strongly of the girl who led the way to the lighthouse point on that day in 1841, to show her new home to her schoolmates. In the face of howling winds and winter gales she had snatched twenty-three lives from the jaws of death, and in her sixty-fifth year she was at her old work.

A woman had rowed out to the light from Newport, and when her boat had almost reached the pier which had been erected recently on the island shore, she rashly stood on her feet, lost her balance and fell overboard. Ida Lewis, who was rowing in near the pier, instantly came to the rescue, helped the struggling and much frightened woman into her own boat, and then picked up the other one, which was drifting away.

Sixty-five years young, and heroic from earliest girlhood to latest old age! We add our tribute to those heaped on her head by many who knew her in person and others who were acquainted only with her heroic acts, and we rejoice to know that in this year of American crisis we, too, can reflect the heroism of the keeper of Lime Rock Light, for in our hands are greater opportunities for wide service and greater variety of instruments by which to mold the destiny of nations and save life. Proud are we that we, too, are American, as was Ida Lewis, and we can give interest as consecrated and sincere to the work at our hand to-day as she gave, whose daily precepts were work and thrift, and who said, in her quaint way, of the light which had been her beacon of inspiration for so many years of service:

"The light is my child and I know when it needs me, even if I sleep. This is home to me, and I hope the good Lord will take me away when I have to leave it."

Her wish was granted. In the last week of October, 1911, she fell asleep in the lighthouse on Lime Rock, which had been her home for so long, lulled into an eternal repose by the wind and waves, which had for many years been her beloved companions--and as she slept the beacon-light which she had for so long kept trimmed and burning sent out its rays far beyond the little bay where Ida Lewis lay asleep.

Patriotism, faithfulness, service--who can reckon their value? The gleam of Ida Lewis's light flashes inspiration and determination to our hearts to-day.

BURCHETT OF "THE GUMS"

The Project Gutenberg eBook, **Old Melbourne Memories**, by Rolf Boldrewood

This was the well-known name of an exceedingly choice run close to Nareeb Nareeb, on Muston's Creek, and at an early period in the occupation of the Messrs. Charles, Henry, and Fred Burchett. The name was allotted by Charles, who said that as the old country places were christened "The Oaks," "The Ashes," "The Beeches," and so on, he thought it befitting that an Australian homestead should be known as "The Gums." So mote it be; and I fancy Mr. Ross, the present owner, has by no means changed the name.

Charles Burchett was a humourist of the first water, and as such delighted in by his numerous friends. The district was hardly ever without the excitement of "Burchett's last." He had a serious, tentative, doubtful way of bringing out his good things, which heightened the effect.

"The Gums," like Dunmore, boasted a better library than ordinary, and there was set on foot the Mount Rouse Book Club, which, founded on a moderate subscription, and compelling members to send round the books at monthly intervals, provided mental food for a goodly number of friends and neighbours.

Charles Burchett and his brother Fred were both somewhat deaf. Whether or not the slight infirmity concentrated the reflective powers, certain it is that they resembled each other closely in being exceptionally original and amusing in conversation.

Occasionally Mr. Charles Burchett's difficulty in hearing led to diverting cross purposes, as in the case of his celebrated interview with the bushrangers. He and a friend, it is related, some time in the early days, met with two men, one of whom carried a gun. They addressed themselves to his companion, who appeared to be, from the expression of his countenance, much interested in their remarks.

Mr. Burchett looked at them with an inquiring air. "What do they want, Scott?" he said, in his resonant, high-pitched voice, accentuating always the last word of the sentence. "Do they want _work_?"

None of them could help laughing, it is said; but the man with the gun, observing the gentleman place his hand to his ear, raised the gun sharply to a level with his breast, by way of explaining matters.

Again Mr. Burchett looked up with a grave and meditative expression. Then he addressed the spoiler--"I say, take away that gun, it might go off." Even the hardened old hand was not proof against this characteristic jest; he put down his gun in order to laugh in comfort. However, it was explained that business was business. So having relieved Mr. Burchett and his friend of their horses and loose cash, the robbers departed. But they behaved with civility, and a ten-mile walk was the worst of the affair. The horses were afterwards found at no great distance from the spot, and returned to their owners.

Unfortunately, as it happened, the fraternal triumvirate at "The Gums"

held diverse opinions as to the stock upon which to stake the fortunes of the firm. Henry Burchett was gifted with a strongly arithmetical turn, in consequence of which he was generally alluded to by Charles as "my brother Cocker." A calculation of the average value of the wool-clip led him doubtless to decide--with considerable accuracy, as events proved--in favour of sheep. Charles and Fred preferred cattle. In the end Charles sold his share of run and stock, and commenced a business in Melbourne. Having made a pilgrimage to Riverina, riding one wiry hackney the whole way there and back, without apparent distress to man or beast, Henry posed as the apostle of a new faith on his return, after beholding, near Deniliquin, what he then decided to be the true home of the merino sheep, and purchasing for a small price a certain run on the Billabong, since tolerably well known to wool-buyers as "Coree." He bought sheep with which to stock it, and removed those still at "The Gums." He it was who first placed a dam across the uncertain watercourse of the Billabong, and thus aided the inception of the great system of water-storage now so universal. It was a primitive time enough on the Billabong, one may be sure. The late Mr. Sylvanus Daniel was a man in authority at Deniliquin, then known as one of "The Royal Bank" stations. Some of his good stories the wayfarer from Port Fairy brought back with him, so that the fame of that gentleman's hospitality and genial temperament reached the colony of Victoria years before he migrated to the north-western district of New South Wales.

Henry Burchett retained his share in "The Gums" after his purchase of Coree, but, wishing to concentrate his investments, he--unfortunately for his partner and himself--decided to realise on the Port Fairy property. The sale of "The Gums" accordingly took place. It was, of course, before the gold--only one year I think. The price of a first-class, well-improved, fattening run, with a good herd of 1500 cattle thereon, was--what does any one think?--£2 per head! Yes, at this melancholy price did "The Gums" pass into the hands of Mr. Henry Gottreaux, a gentleman lately arrived in the colony, formerly in the Austrian service. He was a brother of William Gottreaux, of Lilaree; he had, therefore, the advantage of the advice of an experienced colonist.

Mr. Gottreaux did not look, to our eyes, the "man for Galway"; or likely

to make much out of a cattle run in those hard-riding, hard-living days. Tall and soldierly-looking, with a big moustache, he had a bluff, German-baron sort of air. He was portly withal, and, though a cavalry man, not up to much in the "cutting-out" or cattle-muster line. The first thing to which he devoted his energies was the building of a spacious, wide-verandahed brick cottage, dooming the snug old slab homestead, where we had all spent so many pleasant hours, to do duty as barracks and out-offices. After this he inquired of one of the visitors, who, after our custom, had come to help at the muster, whether it would not be easy to transmit his share of the profits to a friend in England, who had an interest--as a sleeping partner--in the station.

The man whom he addressed smiled inwardly, and sardonically replied, "Very easy." We thought this a good joke when it was handed over to us a week after. But Mr. Gottreaux was right, and we were all wrong, proving how difficult it was to decide in such matters unless all the factors of the sum are in view. In the first place, the new proprietor was a man of brains and method, culture and knowledge of the world. He did not scurry about in the camp on the stock-horse of the period--it was not his _métier_; but he paid and controlled a good stock-rider who did. He lived comfortably, preferring, reasonably, to dine at ease after the business of the day was concluded. But he kept his accounts correctly, and provided that the balance should be on the right side. The seasons were favourable; they are rarely otherwise in the pleasant west country, to the green pastures of which fate had guided the "bold Uhlan." And then--trump card of all--the Gold Magician played shortly afterwards. He threw down an ace--waved his wand. The cattle which our friend purchased at £2, with right of run added, became worth £10 per head. So he _had_ profits to remit to his partner after all, by no means of small annual amount either.

Terenallum was in early days the property of Messrs. Lang and Elms, who considered it a fairly paying sheep run, though bare of timber and rather desolate of aspect. Disadvantageously for the firm, as it turned out, Mr. Elms, the resident partner, was tempted by what was then thought to be a high price--12s. per head or so, with about one-third of the stock it afterwards carried--to sell to Mr. Russell of The Leigh. He

invested in a presumably richer country between The Grange and the Eumeralla, and, I should think, never ceased to regret the exchange. The new runs were chiefly cattle country, being well-grassed forest, not over dry in winter, and therefore in those days looked upon as liable to foot-rot. The eastern subdivision, called "Lyne," was at no great distance from Mr. Cox's Werrongourt station. This transaction illustrates the errors of judgment so often made by pioneer squatters, men of exceeding shrewdness and energy notwithstanding. So George Wyndham Elms sold Terenallum, now proverbially one of the most valuable sheep properties west of the Barwon, and purchased a run which must have paid indifferent interest on capital for long afterwards. Yet the seller was sufficiently experienced, could work with both hands and head, had confronted all the regulation pioneer troubles--bad shepherds, blacks, low wool, everything--had shepherded on a pinch, and slept in a watch-box. Then, when all was well and a fortune coming to meet him, he was fated to ruin everything for the sake of change. _Mais, telle est la vie._

Lyne and the other station were good enough, fairly watered, splendidly grassed, and so on; but the cautious critics said they would never make up for Terenallum. And they didn't.

The original cattle had been neglected, it would appear. Among them was a large proportion of bullocks which declined with fiendish obstinacy to fatten. They would do anything but go off to the butcher. They oppressed the rest of the herd, showed a bad example, and paid nothing. They were what are known by the stock-riders as "ragers" or "pig-meaters." Fierce of aspect, and active as buffaloes, they appear with regularity at each muster, but are never permitted the chance of road-adventure with any buyer of fat cattle. The price offered for them is generally so small that in many instances the owner ceases to form plans for their conversion into cash, and, if easy-going, permits them to eat grass and demoralise the herd indefinitely. The run was now worked with fair results for a year or two, but it soon became apparent that it was not likely to return the same sort of dividends which were so satisfactory each year at Terenallum. This probably tended towards discussion between the partners. However that might have been, a

division of the runs took place. Mr. Lang retained Lyne, with the herd of cattle depastured thereon, while Mr. Elms removed to that portion of the area which lay nearer to the town of Hamilton. Upon this he built a new homestead, and proceeded to convert it into a sheep station.

Mr. Lang had visited England more than once during the partnership, and so loosened his hold upon matters colonial. It has generally happened, within my experience at least, that a squatter who permitted himself to behold "the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them," rarely settled down into a contented colonist upon returning to Australia. So Mr. Lang put Lyne into the market. It was sold to Captain Stanley Carr, a retired military officer, who had passed years at a German court, and held property in Silesia. There, it seems, he had acquired a taste for high-class merinoes. He had been tempted to visit Australia, probably as a larger field for investment, bringing with him some good sheep of the type then prevailing, and fashionable in the country of his adoption. These were sent to Lyne, where they were only moderately praised by the sheepholders of the district, being acknowledged to be fine as to quality of fleece, but considered small and delicate of frame.

Captain Stanley Carr, by birth Scoto-Irish, was a genial and polished personage, not altogether averse to the privilege accorded to travellers, but most amusing and agreeable. He bought, as did Mr. Gottreaux, "before the gold." The price he paid was therefore moderate, leaving a large margin for profit in the rising markets which were imminent, and of which he shortly experienced the advantage. Residing for a few months at Lyne, he made himself popular with his neighbours, who were nothing loath to visit and entertain a courtier, a man of the world, and a raconteur at once so experienced and original. He justified the shrewd outlook upon events which had caused him to become an investor in the first instance, by prophesying an extraordinary development of Australian prosperity which was to be rapid and astonishing. The soil, the climate, the extent of the waste lands of the Crown, all excited his admiration. The captain's pre-auriferous predictions have since received curiously close fulfilment.

Our gallant pastoral comrade had some knowledge of sheep-farming. For

the management of a mixed herd of cattle, after the Australian fashion, he was as unfitted as the confidential German shepherd of his priceless Silesian ewes to "run" a South American _saladero_. Wisely, therefore, he took the neighbours into his confidence, requesting the advice which was cheerfully given. He was, in the first instance, by them adjured to cull the herd severely--to that end to eliminate without delay all the bovine "larrikins" (the word had not then been coined, but an analogous social remedy may yet in future ages be legally applicable) by boiling them down. There happened to be at Port Fairy in that brooding year just before the gold--and what embryo events were not then ripening in the womb of fate!--a regularly-appointed _saladero_. How much more concise is the expression than "a boiling-down establishment where salting beef for exportation is also carried on," and yet foolish utilitarians see no advantage in schoolboys learning Greek and Latin. But this savours of digression. Such an institution was then in full working order, organised for the reduction of the "dangerous classes" of the bovine neighbourhood into tallow and corned beef. It was managed by Mr. M'Cracken, and (of course) subsidised by Mr. William Rutledge. "Unto this last" the Lyne larrikins were by a consensus of notables forthwith relegated.

THE 7TH MARINES' COMPLETE DESTRUCTION OF ENEMY IN THE SOUTH

The Project Gutenberg EBook of **Bloody Beaches: The Marines at Peleliu**, by Gordon D. Gayle

In the south, from D plus 1 through D plus 3, the 7th Marines was in vigorous assault against extensive fortifications in the rear of the Scarlet Beaches. These were defended by a full battalion, the elite _2d Battalion, 15th Regiment_. Although isolated and surrounded by the Marines, this battalion demonstrated its skill and its understanding of

Colonel Nakagawa's orders and mission: to sell Peleliu at the highest possible price. The 7th Marines attacked with 3/7 on the left and 1/7 on the right. They enjoyed the advantage of attacking the extensive and well-prepared defenses from the rear, and they had both heavy fire support and the terrain for limited maneuver in their favor. Both sides fought bitterly, but by 1530 on 18 September (D plus 3), the battle was substantially over. The Marines had destroyed an elite Japanese reinforced infantry battalion well positioned in a heavily fortified stronghold. Colonel Hanneken reported to General Rupertus that the 7th Marines' objectives he had set for D-Day were all in hand. The naval gunfire preparation had been significantly less than planned. The difference had been made up by time, and by the courage, skill, and additional casualties of the infantry companies of 1/7 and 3/7.

Now the 7th Marines, whose 2d Battalion was already in the thick of the fight for Umurbrogol, was about to move out of its own successful battle area and into a costly assault which, by this time, might have been more economically conducted as a siege.

Maneuver and Opportunity

As the 7th Marines moved to its mission, the 5th Marines was again successfully opening up opportunities on Peleliu's eastern, "lobster claw" peninsula. Most of those opportunities, unfortunately were never exploited.

By the end of D plus 2, the 5th Marines stood at the approach to the eastern peninsula, and astride the East Road just east of the 1st Marines' terrible struggle in Umurbrogol. It had fought somewhat clear of the galling fires from Umurbrogol, and planned an assault on the eastern peninsula across a narrow causeway, which the Japanese should certainly defend. Then a D plus 3 reconnaissance of the causeway revealed that the causeway was not defended. The 2d Battalion hastened to seize the opportunity and moved across in strength. The attack was hit by its own supporting fires. The forward battalion CP group was strafed by Navy planes and then hit by artillery airburst, causing the

loss of 18 battalion headquarters personnel to “friendly fire.”

Nevertheless, a bridgehead across the causeway was well established on D plus 3, and the 5th Marines’ Colonel Harris moved to exploit it. During the afternoon, he thinned his forces holding the East Road sector, gave the former 3/5 mission to Company L, 3/5, and gave the remainder of 3/5 a new mission. He ordered Gustafson into a position within the bridgehead established by 2/5, and further ordered both battalions then to capture and clear the eastern peninsula. Earlier he had expected such an attack to be against the strong defending forces originally reported on the eastern peninsula. However, the apparent reduction of defending forces now appeared to offer an opportunity to seize Purple Beach quickly, a logistic prize of some significance. Harris knew that the division would need to shift its logistical axis to Purple Beach, away from the fire from Umurbrogol, and away from the threat of westerly storms.

Before dark, Gustafson moved two of his 3/5 companies across the causeway, and moved his own CP group in with the 2/5 CP, where the two commanders jointly planned the next day’s advance. Hoping for little resistance, they directed rapid movement, but armed their point units with war dog sections to guard against ambush. Their lead companies moved out just after dawn. In the 3/5 sector, there was an ambush, but the war dogs warned of, and effectively thwarted, the attempted surprise.

By the end of D plus 4, the two battalions had cleared the main body of the eastern peninsula and had reached Purple Beach from the rear. The defenses were most impressive, but many were unmanned. Those enemy troops encountered seemed more interested in hiding than in fighting, leading to speculation that Nakagawa’s trained infantry had been moved west to the fight on D-Day and/or D plus 1. By D plus 5, Purple Beach was cleared, as were the long peninsulas southwest and northeast of Purple Beach. On D plus 6, 2/5 seized the two islands immediately north of the northeast peninsula, and the next day occupied the small unnamed islet just 1,000 yards east of the northern ridges of Peleliu.

From that position, and positions elsewhere on the other islands, and near Ngardololok, there appeared to be many opportunities to attack by fire against the cave-infested north-south ridges of central and northern Peleliu. Such positioning of heavy weapons would be very difficult, but relative to the intense infantry battles underway in Umurbrogol, such difficulties seemed acceptable. Many of the prospective targets could have been vulnerable to direct, flat trajectory fire across the front of U.S. units advancing north in central Peleliu. Corps artillery units had conducted such direct fire training before embarking for the Peleliu campaign. Such tactical advantages and opportunities from the eastern peninsula were advocated but never exploited. Only later, in the fighting for northern Peleliu was the 5th Marines able to secure point-blank, heavy, single-gun fire support.

Encirclement of the Umurbrogol Pocket

With southern and eastern Peleliu captured, there now began an encirclement of the Japanese defenders in central Peleliu, and an attack against the Japanese defending northern Peleliu and nearby Ngesebus and Kongauru. This was the obvious next tactical phase for combat on Peleliu. However, securing it was less necessary for the basic Peleliu tactical and strategic goals than for the mopping-up of the island. As the 1st Marine Division's Assistant Commander, Brigadier General Oliver P. Smith, later phrased it, "by the end of the first week, the Division had control of everything on the island that it then needed, or later used."

The airfield had been seized, was under repair and improvement, and in use. It was no longer any threat, if it had ever been, to MacArthur's long-heralded return to the Philippines. Peleliu's best logistical beach (Purple) had been secured, providing a secure logistic axis to the main battle areas. The Japanese defenders in their caves, and in northern Peleliu and on Ngesebus, retained some capability to harass American rear installations, but that was sharply curtailed by the Marines' counterfire.

Only two significant Japanese capabilities remained: they could bitterly resist from their cave positions and they had a limited capability to reinforce Peleliu from Babelthuap. Such reinforcement could only be by small-unit infiltration, which faced U.S. naval screening operations in the area. Likewise, American encirclement of the stubborn Umurbrogol Pocket faced two obstacles. First was the lack of additional maneuver regiments from III Amphibious Corps' reserve. General Geiger in fact had no corps reserve pending the release of some units from the forces involved in the seizure of Angaur. That landing by the 81st Infantry Division (less the 323d RCT) had been launched on 17 September, after which there was no corps reserve.

The operation on Angaur, the planning which attended it and the decision on its timing, impacted heavily upon the Peleliu operation. The naval planners early on proposed landing on Angaur before Peleliu. Only when Major General Julian C. Smith, commanding Expeditionary Troops/X-Ray Planning Group, explained that such timing would invite the numerous Japanese in northern Palau to reinforce Peleliu was it agreed that Angaur be assaulted only after the Peleliu landing was assured of success. However, the Angaur landing was initiated before the Peleliu landing had been clearly resolved. The commanding general of the 81st Division wanted to land as soon as possible, and he was supported in his view by his naval task unit commander, Rear Admiral William H. P. Blandy. Opposing the 17 September date for the Angaur landing was Marine Major General Julian Smith. Smith argued that committing the element of III Corps Reserve before the Peleliu operation was more fully developed would be premature. His advice was ignored by Vice Admiral Theodore S. Wilkinson.

A related decision on 17 September committed the III Corps' final reserve to the Ulithi landing. The task was assigned to the Western Attack Force, which was ordered to seize Ulithi with "available resources." Over General Smith's advice, Wilkinson chose to commit the entire 323d RCT, the 81st Division's other maneuver element. The 321st subsequently and successfully occupied an undefended Ulithi while reserves were sorely needed at Peleliu.

By 20 September, the 81st Division had defeated or cornered all survivors of Angaur's 1,400 defenders. The 81st's commander declared Angaur secure. He tasked his 322d RCT to complete the mop-up, and reported to General Geiger that the 321st RCT was available for further operations. The lack of enough troops to begin encircling Umurbrogol was no longer an obstacle.

The other obstacle to reinforcing the division on Peleliu and encircling the Pocket lay in the thinking of General Rupertus, who clung to a belief that his Marines could do it without help from the Army. The III Corps plan tasked the 81st Division to reinforce the Marines in seizing Peleliu and then to relieve the 1st Marine Division for the mop up, but the general continued to exhort his commanders to "hurry up."

Earlier, General Rupertus and Colonel Puller had shrugged off a suggestion from the 5th Marines' "Bucky" Harris that they take a look at the Umurbrogol Pocket from the newly available light planes of Marine Observation Squadron 3. Harris' own aerial reconnaissance, made immediately after those planes arrived on 19 September, had altered his view of the Umurbrogol from sober to grave. It convinced him that attacking the Pocket from the north would be less costly than the originally planned and ordered attempts from south to north. Both Puller and Rupertus responded to Harris that they had their maps.

The prelanding scheme of maneuver was built on the tactical concept that, after capturing the airfield, the 1st Marine Division would push north along a line across the width of the main or western part of the island. Once abreast of the southern edge of Umurbrogol, that concept and maneuver scheme were reflected in a series of four west-to-east phase lines, indicating an expected linear advance, south to north. Clearly, it was expected that the advance along the flatter zones west and east of Umurbrogol would be at approximately the same pace as that along the high-central ground of Peleliu. Such thinking may have been consistent with Rupertus' prediction of a three-day assault. Developments in Sabol's sector to the west, and in the 5th Marines'

sector to the east, apparently did not change division-level thinking. Until additional forces became available, such a linear advance may have seemed all that was possible.

Even so, there was no apparent reexamination of the planned south-to-north linear advance, and for days after the Pocket was sealed off at its northernmost extremity, the division commander kept ordering attacks from south to north, generally following the initial landing plan. As had been revealed to “Bucky” Harris in his early aerial reconnaissance of the Umurbrogol Pocket, such attacks would offer little but casualties. Troops, heavily supported, could advance into “the Horseshoe” and into “Death Valley,” but the positions they reached then proved untenable and withdrawal was usual at day’s end.

Some part of this thinking may have well come from the inadequacies of the map in use. The 5th Marines in early October produced a new and more representative sketch map. It located and identified the details within Umurbrogol sufficiently to facilitate maneuver and fire coordination.

That mapping effort, incidentally, led to the misnaming of Honsowetz’ Hill 100, where Captain Everett P. Pope earned his Medal of Honor. The 5th’s mapping team, launched after Harris’ regiment was committed against the Pocket, encountered Lieutenant Colonel Walt, the regimental executive officer, on Hill 100 during their sketching, and so named the hill.

Even after General Geiger had ordered General Rupertus on 21 September to stand down Puller’s shattered 1st Marines, General Rupertus expressed the belief that his Marines, alone, would shortly clear the entire island. After taking a closer look at the situation on the ground, Geiger ordered RCT 321 from Angaur and attached it to the Marine division. Encirclement of the Umurbrogol Pocket now became tactically feasible.

Capture of northern Peleliu and Ngesebus became more pressing with the discovery on 23 September that some part of the enemy’s substantial

troop strength in the northern Palaus was being infiltrated by barge from Koror and Babelthuap into northern Peleliu.

Although the naval patrol set to protect against just that reinforcing action had discovered and destroyed some of the Japanese barges, most enemy troops seemed to have waded ashore on the early morning of 23 September. Colonel Nakagawa suddenly had reinforcements in the form of a partially mauled infantry battalion in northern Peleliu.

FOUNDING OF MONTREAL

A.D. 1642

By Alfred Sandham

The Project Gutenberg EBook of **The Great Events by Famous Historians, Volume 11**, by Various

The history of Montreal dates back to October, 1535, when Jacques Cartier first landed on the island. An Indian village, called Hochelaga, existed here at this time. Its outline was circular; and it was encompassed by three rows of palisades, or rather picket fences, one within the other, well secured and put together. A single entrance was left in this rude fortification, but guarded with pikes and stakes, and every precaution taken against siege or attack. Cartier named the place Mount Royal, from the elevation that rose in rear of the site, a little way back from the river St. Lawrence. It first began to be settled by Europeans in 1542, and exactly one century afterward the spot destined for the city was, with due solemnities, consecrated at the era of Maissoneuve and named Ville Marie, a designation which it retained for a long period. In 1760 it was taken by the English. Since then it has taken great leaps in the way of progress until to-day it is the chief commercial city in Canada and the largest city in the Dominion. Montreal has the further advantage, in its natural situation,

of being at the head of ocean navigation. Its population to-day, including suburbs, is in the neighborhood of 350,000.

On the death of Champlain (on December 25, 1635), M. de Montmagny was appointed governor of New France; but so little attention was paid to the wants of the colony that its prosperity was much retarded, the fur trade alone being conducted with any spirit. But great vigor was manifested in religious matters and several institutions were erected. In 1630 the Hôtel Dieu, at Quebec, was founded by three nuns sent out by the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, and Madame de la Peltrie brought out from France at her own charge another body of nuns, who established the Ursuline convent. The peopling and fortifying of the island of Montreal, with the view of repressing the incursions of the Iroquois and the conversion of the Indians, had occupied the entire attention of the first missionaries, and in 1640 the whole of this domain was ceded to a company for that purpose.

Jerome le Royer de la Dauversière, a collector of taxes at La Flèche, in Anjou, and a young priest of Paris, Jean Jacques Olier by name, having met each other, formed the idea of establishing at Montreal three religious communities: one of priests to convert the Indians, one of nuns to nurse the sick, and one of nuns to teach the children of the Indians and of the colonists. It was an easy matter to talk over these plans; but, in order to carry them out, they must first raise some money. For this purpose Olier laid the matter before some of his wealthy penitents, while Dauversière succeeded in securing the Baron de Fanchamp, a devout Christian and a wealthy man, who, considering the enterprise as one calculated to further his spiritual interests, was eager to take part in it. Shortly afterward three others were secured, and the six together formed the germ of the "Société de Notre Dame de Montréal." Among them they raised seventy-five thousand livres.

Previous to this the island of Montreal had been granted to M. de Lauson, a former president of the Company of One Hundred Associates, and his son possessed the exclusive monopoly of the fisheries on the St. Lawrence. After much persuasion Dauversière and Fanchamp succeeded in

securing from him a transfer of his title to them; and to make the matter more secure they obtained, in addition, a grant of the island from its former owners, the Hundred Associates. That company, however, reserved the western extremity of the island for themselves, as a site for a fort and stores. The younger Lauzon also gave Dauversière and his company the right of fishery within two leagues of the shores of the island, which favor they were to acknowledge by a yearly donation of ten pounds of fish. These grants were afterward confirmed by the King, and thus Dauversière and his companions became "Lords of the Isle of Montreal."

They now proceeded to mature their plan, which was to send out forty men to take possession of Montreal, intrench themselves, and raise crops, after which they would build houses for the priests and convents for the nuns. It was necessary, however, that some competent person should be secured who should take command of the expedition and act as governor of the newly acquired isle. To fill this important position it was desirable that to the qualities of the statesman should be added the courage of the soldier. One in whom these were combined was found in the person of Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, a devout Christian, an able statesman, and a valiant soldier. Maisonneuve at once accepted the position, while many wealthy ladies contributed toward defraying the expense of the undertaking and also became members of the "Association of Montreal." In February, 1641, the Associates, with Olier at their head, assembled in the Church of Notre Dame at Paris, and before the altar of the Virgin "solemnly consecrated Montreal to the Holy Family" and to be called "Ville-Marie de Montréal."

Maisonneuve with his party, forty-five in number, reached Quebec too late to ascend the river. On their arrival at that place they were received with jealousy and distrust. The agents of the Company of One Hundred Associates looked on them with suspicion, and Montmagny, the Governor, feared a rival in Maisonneuve. Every opposition was thrown in their way, and Montmagny tried to persuade Maisonneuve to exchange the island of Montreal for that of Orleans. But Maisonneuve was not to be deceived, and he expressed his determination to found a colony at Montreal, "even if every tree on the island was an Iroquois."

During the winter Maisonneuve employed his men in various labors for the future benefit of the colony, but principally in building a boat in which to ascend the river. While staying at Quebec the party gained an unexpected addition to their numbers in the person of Madame de la Peltrie, who joined them, and took with her all the furniture she had lent the Ursulines.

On May 8, 1642, Maisonneuve embarked from St. Michael, and on the 17th his little flotilla, a pinnace, a flat-bottomed craft moved by sails, and two row-boats, approached Montreal, and all on board raised in unison a hymn of praise. Montmagny was there to deliver the island, on behalf of the Company of One Hundred Associates; while here, too, was Father Vimont, superior of the missions. On the following day they glided along the green and solitary shores, now thronged with the life of a busy city, and landed on the spot which Champlain, thirty-one years before, had chosen as the fit site of a settlement. It was a tongue or triangle of land, formed by the junction of a rivulet with the St. Lawrence. This rivulet was bordered by a meadow, and beyond rose the forest with its vanguard of scattered trees. Early spring flowers were blooming in the young grass, and the birds flitted among the boughs.

Maisonneuve sprang ashore and fell on his knees. His followers imitated his example; and all joined their voices in songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms, and stores were landed. Here were the ladies with their servants; Montmagny, no willing spectator; and Maisonneuve, a warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him--soldiers, sailors, artisans, and laborers--all alike soldiers at need. They kneeled in reverent silence as the host was raised aloft; and when the rite was over the priest turned and addressed them: "You are a grain of mustard-seed that shall rise and grow until its branches overshadow the land. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land." Then they pitched their tents, lighted their fires, stationed their guards, and lay down to rest. Such was the birthnight of Montreal. The following morning they proceeded to form their encampment, the first tree being felled by Maisonneuve. They worked with such energy that by the evening they

erected a strong palisade, and had covered their altar with a roof formed of bark. It was some time after their arrival before their enemies, the Indians, were made aware of it, and they improved the time by building some substantial houses and in strengthening their fortifications.

The activity and zeal of Maisonneuve induced him to make a voyage to France to obtain assistance for his settlement. Though his difficulties were great, he yet was enabled to induce one hundred men to join his little establishment on the island. Notwithstanding this addition to his force, the progress of the colony was greatly retarded by the frequent attacks of the Indians. These enemies soon became a cause of great trouble to the colonists, and it was dangerous to pass beyond the palisades, as the Indians would hide for days, waiting to assail any unfortunate straggler. Although Maisonneuve was brave as man could be, he knew that his company was no match for the wily enemy, owing to their ignorance of the mode of Indian warfare; therefore he kept his men as near the fort as possible. They, however, failed to appreciate his care of them, and imputed it to cowardice. This led him to determine that such a feeling should not exist if he could possibly remove it. He therefore ordered his men to prepare to attack the Indians, at the same time signifying his intention to lead them himself. He sallied forth at the head of thirty men, leaving D'Aillebout with the remainder to hold the fort. After they had waded through the snow for some distance they were attacked by the Iroquois, who killed three of his men and wounded several others. Maisonneuve and his party held their ground until their ammunition began to fail, and then he gave orders to retreat, he himself remaining till the last. The men struggled on for some time facing the enemy, but finally they broke their ranks and retreated in great disorder toward the fort. Maisonneuve, with a pistol in each hand, held the Iroquois in check for some time. They might have killed him, but they wished to take him prisoner. Their chief, desiring this honor, rushed forward, but just as he was about to grasp him Maisonneuve fired and he fell dead. The Indians, fearing that the body of their chief would fall into the hands of the French, rushed forward to secure it, and Maisonneuve passed safely into the fort. From that day his men never dared to impute cowardice to him.

In 1644 the island of Montreal was made over to the Sulpicians of Paris, and was destined for the support of that religious order. In 1658 Viscount d'Argenson was appointed governor of Canada, but the day he landed the Iroquois murdered some Algonquin Indians under the very guns of Quebec. The Indians seemed determined to exterminate the French. In addition to keeping Quebec in a state little short of actual siege, they massacred a large number of the settlers at Montreal. D'Argenson having resigned, the Baron d'Avignon was appointed governor (1661), and on his arrival visited the several settlements throughout the country. He was surprised to find them in such a deplorable condition, and made such representation to the King, as to the neglect of the Company of One Hundred Associates, that M. de Monts, the King's commissioner, was ordered to visit Canada and report on its condition. At the same time four hundred more troops were added to the colonial garrison. The arrival of these troops gave life and confidence to the colonists and relieved Montreal from its dangers. The representations made by M. de Monts, as well as those of the Bishop of Quebec, determined Louis XIV to demand their charter from the Company of One Hundred Associates and to place the colony in immediate connection with the crown. As the profits of the fur trade had been much diminished by the hostility of the Iroquois, the company readily surrendered its privileges. As soon as the transfer was completed, D'Avignon was recalled and M. de Mesy was appointed governor for three years. Canada was thus changed into a royal government, and a council of state was nominated to coöperate with the Governor in the administration of affairs. This council consisted of the Governor, the Bishop of Quebec, and the intendant, together with four others to be named by them, one of whom was to act as attorney-general.

THEODORIC THE GREAT, AND HIS LOVE OF THE FINE ARTS.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of **Anecdotes of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors and Architects and Curiosities of Art (Vol. 3 of 3)**, by S. Spooner

Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, and afterwards also king of Italy, was born at Amali, near Vienna, in 455, and died in 526. Though a Goth, he was so far from delighting in the destruction of public monuments, and works of art, that he issued edicts for their preservation at Rome and throughout Italy, and assigned revenues for the repair of the public edifices, for which purpose he employed the most skillful and learned architects, particularly Aloisius, Boëtius, and Symmachus. According to Cassiodorus (lib. ii. Varior. Epist. xxxix.), Theodoric said: "It is glorious to preserve the works of antiquity; and it is our duty to restore the most useful and the most beautiful." Symmachus had the direction of the buildings constructed or rebuilt at Rome. The king thus wrote to him: "You have constructed fine edifices; you have, moreover, disposed of them with so much wisdom that they equal those of antiquity, and serve as examples to the moderns; and all you show us is a perfect image of the excellence of your mind, because it is not possible to build correctly without good sense and a well cultivated understanding."

In his directions to the Prefect of Rome, on the architecture of the public edifices, Theodoric thus wrote:

"The beauty of the Roman buildings requires a skillful overseer, in order that such a wonderful forest of edifices should be preserved with constant care, and the new ones properly constructed, both internally and externally. Therefore we direct our generosity not only to the preservation of ancient things, but to the investing the new ones with the glories of antiquity. Be it known, therefore, to your illustrious person, that for this end an architect of the Roman walls is appointed. And because the study of the arts requires assistance, we desire that he may have every reasonable accommodation that his predecessors have enjoyed. He will certainly see things superior to what he has read of, and more beautiful than he could ever have imagined. The statues still feel their renowned authors, and appear to live: he will observe

expressed in the bronze, the veins, the muscles swollen by exertion, the nerves gradually stretched, and the figure expressing those feelings which act on a living subject.

"It is said that the first artists in Italy were the Etruscans, and thus posterity has given to them, as well as to Rome, almost the power of creating man. How wonderful are the horses, so full of spirit, with their fiery nostrils, their sparkling eyes, their easy and graceful limbs;--they would move, if not of metal. And what shall we say of those lofty, slender, and finely fluted columns, which appear a part of the sublime structure they support? That appears wax, which is hard and elegant metal; the joints in the marble being like natural veins. The beauty of art is to deceive the eye. Ancient historians acquaint us with only seven wonders in the world: the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus; the magnificent sepulchre of the king Mausolus, from whence is derived the word mausoleum; the bronze Colossus of the Sun, in Rhodes; the statue of Jupiter Olympius, of gold and ivory, formed by the masterly hand of Phidias, the first of architects; the palace of Cyrus, King of Media, built by Memnon of stones united by gold; the walls of Babylon, constructed by Semiramis of brick, pitch, and iron; the pyramids of Egypt, the shadows of which do not extend beyond the space of their construction. But who can any longer consider these as wonders, after having seen so many in Rome? Those were famous because they preceded us; it is natural that the new productions of the then barbarous ages should be renowned. It may truly be said that all Rome is wonderful. We have therefore selected a man clever in the arts, who, in seeing so many ingenious things of antiquity, instead of remaining merely enchanted with them, has set himself to work to investigate the reason, study their books, and instruct himself, that he may become as learned as those in the place of whom he is to consider himself appointed."

Milizia says of Theodoric, "Is this the language of a Gothic barbarian, the destroyer of good taste? Pericles, Alexander, Adrian, or one of the Medici could not have reasoned better." And again, "Can these Goths be the inventors of that architecture vulgarly called Gothic? and are these the barbarians said to have been the destroyers of the beautiful monuments of antiquity? Ecclesiastical history gives to the good

Christians and the jealous ecclesiastics the honor of having dismantled temples, and disfigured statues in Italy, Greece, Asia, and Egypt. * * * It is clear that the Goths were not the authors of that architecture called Gothic. The Goths and barbarians who overran Italy had not any characteristic architecture, good or bad. They brought with them neither architects, painters, nor poets. They were all soldiers, and when fixed in Italy employed Italian artists; but as in that country, good taste was much on the decline, it now became more debased, notwithstanding the efforts made by the Goths to revive it."

ILLUSTRATING THE USE OF DETAIL

The Project Gutenberg EBook of **Motion Picture Directing**, by Peter Milne

Bringing just the right amount of detail of story to the screen a rare accomplishment. — "The Law and the Woman" a practical illustration of the injection of the proper proportion

The question of detail has come up so often in the discussion of various directors and in their various discussions regarding directing that a few more words are, perhaps, due on the all important matter.

The injection of detail in a story is by right the work of the continuity writer. However, most of the directors that have been referred to here, as said, are either their own continuity writers or they exercise such close supervision or collaboration over and on their continuities that here at least the injection of detail is the director's duty. Even when a director follows a continuity closely without having had a hand in its construction he often realizes where detail will help the completed picture due to some peculiarity of setting and location, and so he may inject it of his own accord.

Detail is, without doubt, an element that often distinguishes good

pictures from bad. A superfluity of story detail is a bad thing. If a director permits himself to wander off the main track and introduce irrelevant details believing that they have interest in themselves alone, he soon finds trouble getting back to the main track again.

On the other hand, knowing just where a little injection of detail, a little prolongation of this situation or that, will help a story, is a knack or a separate art that is by no means common among directors. To give this exceedingly technical matter a popular light it is best to cite an instance where a picture was lifted into the class of melodramatic masterpieces by the skillful use of it. This instance is represented by "The Law and the Woman," a picture directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws.

This picture is based on the old Clyde Fitch play, "The Woman in the Case." The situation established is this: A woman of no virtue whatever brings evidence to bear against an innocent man who thereupon is tried and convicted of murder and is sentenced to die in the electric chair. The man's wife, convinced of his innocence, enters into the other woman's circle of friends, plays the part of a sister under the skin and ultimately succeeds in forcing a confession from her that frees her husband—at the last minute.

This basic situation is rather old. It has appeared on the screen in various guises from time immemorial. The accused man—the last minute confession. The climax used to be the mad dash to the prison (the telephone wires were always out of order) and the rescue of the condemned just as the executioner was about to throw the electric switch.

Naturally then, a picture-wise being knows full well the outcome of "The Law and the Woman" even while he is in the thick of the situation. The director knew this too—knew that his audience was going to know how his story ended. How then to make them forget that they knew it? How to make them so interested in the happenings on the screen that they were caught up in them and lost sight of the foregone conclusion altogether? The answer: By the judicious use of detail.

This judicious application of detail is to be found in “The Law and the Woman” as directed by Mr. Stanlaws. The wife is several times about to hear the confession from the lips of the other woman. “It's coming now,” you think. But no! Some little detail arises to prevent it. The telephone rings and when the conversation is over the other woman's inclination for confidences has passed. Again the confession is about to come when the other woman (exercising the prerogative of her sex) suddenly changes her mind.

A half dozen other such little details halt that confession, the while the spectator has completely forgotten that he knows the outcome. All he is interested in is that confession.

In the final climax when the desired words are wrenched from the woman's lips detail is again brought admirably into play. The woman's superstitions are preyed upon. She is alone at a table. A door slams. A shade flies up. Her nerves grow ragged. So do yours. Throughout it all the utmost suspense is maintained until finally when the confession comes you breathe the same sigh of wonderful thanks and relief that is breathed by the wife.

For skillful use of detail then, Penrhyn Stanlaws' work in “The Law and the Woman” is commended. And in case I am not giving credit where credit is due, Albert S. LeVino prepared the continuity.

ARCHIMEDES.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of **Anecdotes of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors and Architects and Curiosities of Art (Vol. 3 of 3)**, by S. Spooner

This wonderful genius was of royal descent, and born at Syracuse about B.C. 287. He was a relative of king Hiero, who held him in the highest esteem and favor, though he does not appear to have held any public

office, preferring to devote himself entirely to science. Such was his enthusiasm, that he appears at times to have been so completely absorbed in contemplation and calculations, as to be totally unconscious of what was passing around him. We cannot fully estimate his services to mathematics, for want of an acquaintance with the previous state of science; still we know that he enriched it with discoveries of the highest importance, upon which the moderns have founded their admeasurements of curvilinear surfaces and solids. Euclid, in his elements, considers only the relations of some of these magnitudes to each other, but does not compare them with surfaces and solids bounded by straight lines. Archimedes developed the proportions necessary for effecting this comparison, in his treatises on the sphere and cylinder, the spheroid and conoid, and in his work on the measure of the circle. He rose to still more abstruse considerations in his treatise on the spiral. Archimedes is also the only one of the ancients who has left us anything satisfactory on the theory of mechanics and hydrostatics. He first taught the principle "that a body immersed in a fluid, loses as much in weight, as the weight of an equal volume of the fluid." He discovered this while bathing, which is said to have caused him so much joy that he ran home from the bath undressed, exclaiming, "I have found it; I have found it!" By means of this principle, he determined how much alloy a goldsmith had added to a crown which king Hiero had ordered of pure gold. Archimedes had a profound knowledge of mechanics, and in a moment of enthusiasm, with which the extraordinary performances of his machines had inspired him, he exclaimed that he "could move the earth with ease, by means of his machines placed on a fixed point near it." He was the inventor of the compound pulley, and probably of the endless screw which bears his name. He invented many surprising engines and machines. Some suppose that he visited Egypt, and raised the sites of the towns and villages of Egypt, and begun those mounds of earth by means of which communication was kept up from town to town, during the inundations of the Nile. When Marcellus, the Roman consul, besieged Syracuse, he devoted all his talents to the defense of his native country. He constructed machines which suddenly raised up in the air the ships of the enemy in the bay before the city, and then let them fall with such violence into the water that they sunk; he also set them on fire with his burning glasses. Polybius, Livy, and Plutarch speak in

detail, with wonder and admiration, of the machines with which he repelled the attacks of the Romans. When the town was taken and given up to pillage, the Roman general gave strict orders to his soldiers not to hurt Archimedes, and even offered a reward to him who should bring him alive and safe to his presence. All these precautions proved useless, for the philosopher was so deeply engaged at the time in solving a problem, that he was even ignorant that the enemy were in possession of the city, and when a soldier entered his apartment, and commanded him to follow him, he exclaimed, according to some, "Disturb not my circle!" and to others, he begged the soldier not to "kill him till he had solved his problem"; but the rough warrior, ignorant of the august person before him, little heeded his request, and struck him down. This happened B.C. 212, so that Archimedes, at his death, must have been about 75 years old. Marcellus raised a monument over him, and placed upon it a cylinder and a sphere, thereby to immortalize his discovery of their mutual relations, on which he set a particular value; but it remained long neglected and unknown, till Cicero, during his questorship of Sicily, found it near one of the gates of Syracuse, and had it repaired. The story of his burning glasses had always appeared fabulous to some of the moderns, till the experiments of Buffon demonstrated its truth and practicability. These celebrated glasses are supposed to have been reflectors made of metal, and capable of producing their effect at the distance of a bow-shot.

